



No. 90 BACK THE 5TH WAR LOAN!



The BATMAN

Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AUG.

TEN CENTS



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*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN and FLASH COMICS will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

FOR SPINE-TINGLING ACTION...



OR RIB-TICKLING HUMOR...



LOOK FOR THIS SUPERMAN D-C SYMBOL !



Yes, that Superman D-C Symbol appears on the cover of twenty-one of the very best comics published...ranging all the way from the action-packed adventures of Superman, Batman and other thrilling heroes

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BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

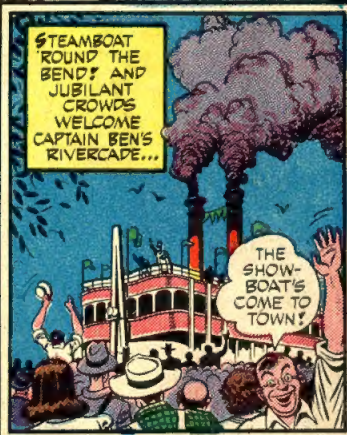
HERE COMES THE
SHOWBOAT! FOR
GENERATIONS THAT
GLAD CRY HAS
HERALDED THE
APPROACH OF THE GAY,
CAREFREE FLOATING
THEATRE DEAR TO
THE HEARTS OF
RIVER FOLK,
PROCLAIMING A
NIGHT OF REVELRY---
AND THEN DAYS OF
CHUCKLING MEMORIES!
SUCH A CRAFT WAS
THE MISSISSIPPI
MERMAID---
BUT IN HER FOAMY
WAKE SWIRLED
A MURKY TRAIL OF
CUNNING CRIME, OF
BRAZEN BANDITRY,
THAT LEFT THE
OUTWITTED POLICE
BAFFLED AND HELP-
LESS! HERE IS
HOW BATMAN AND
ROBIN, THE BOY
WONDER, RISE TO
MEET THE MENACING
CHALLENGE
OF---

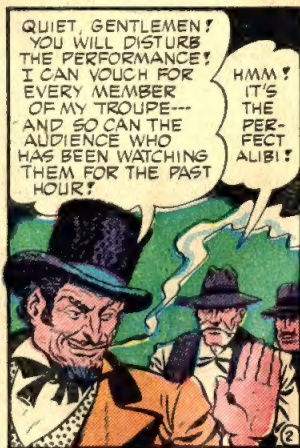
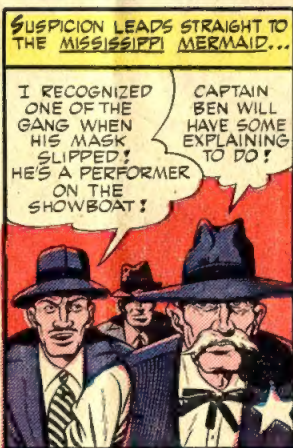
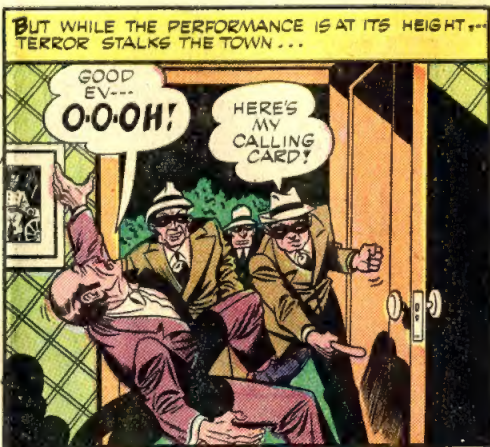
"CRIME
BETWEEN
THE ACTS!"



STEAMBOAT
ROUND THE
BEND! AND
JUBILANT
CROWDS
WELCOME
CAPTAIN BEN'S
RIVERCAFE...

THE
SHOW-
BOAT'S
COME TO
TOWN!





THE NEXT DAY, AT THE HOME OF SOCIALITE **BRUCE WAYNE** AND HIS YOUNG WARD, **DICK GRAYSON**...

GOSH, HERE'S ANOTHER STORY ON THE **MISSISSIPPI MERMAID**! CARVER TOWN WAS CLEANED OUT WHILE THE SHOWBOAT WAS AT THE DOCK!

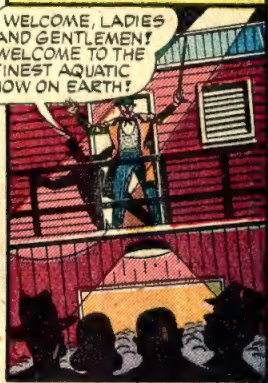
H-M-M-M... **JEFFERSON, TALBERT, JOHNSVILLE**, NOW CARVER TOWN! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE ATLAS!

LOOK--- EVERY LITTLE TOWN VISITED BY THAT SHOWBOAT HAS BEEN A VICTIM OF THE RIVER GANG! WE HAVE A JOB ON OUR HANDS, DICKEY!

MISSISSIPPI, HERE WE COME!

MEANWHILE, THE BEGUILING **MERMAID** SAILS ON TO FRESH TRIUMPHS!

WELCOME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! WELCOME TO THE FINEST AQUATIC SHOW ON EARTH!



BUT---WHILE DALESTOWN APPLAUDS THE SHOWBOAT PERFORMANCE, THE RIVER GANG STRIKES AGAIN!



UP WITH YOUR HANDS---AND KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT!



COME ON, GRAMPA---GET IT OPEN BEFORE I OPEN YOU!

OPEN! BUT THE CLICKING TUMBLERS BRING---THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!



YOU HIT THE JACKPOT THIS TIME!

DID YOU RING SIR?



ONE

TWO

THE **BATMAN**!



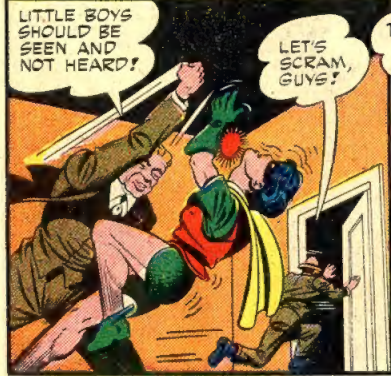
LIGHTNING-FAST, THE BOY WONDER LASHES OUT WITH AN AGILE TOE!



BUT PERVERSE FATE INTERVENES.. AND THE STRAY BULLET SEVERS A SUPPORTING WIRE!



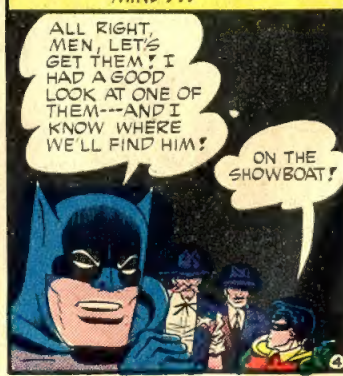
A SPLIT-SECOND OF CONSTERNATION--- BUT IT SPELLS DISASTER FOR ROBIN!

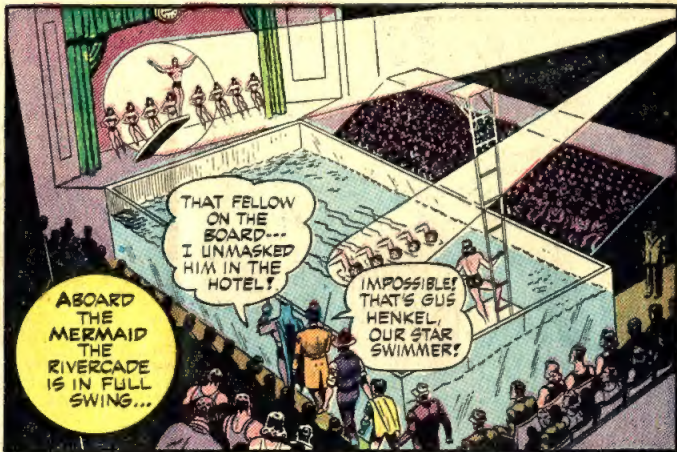


LATER...A FRANTIC ROBIN CRIES IMPLOINGLY AT A STILL BATMAN...



AND WHEN THE CURTAIN OF FOG LIFTS FROM THE CRIME-FIGHTERS' MIND...







**MOMENTARILY BRUCE AND HIS YOUNG
WARD VANISH---**

YOU GET
THE IDEA?

YOUR MILES
AHEAD OF ME---
BUT I KNOW
WHAT TO DO!



**---TO MAKE WAY FOR THE
BATMAN AND ROBIN...**

THE
BATMAN!

AND
ROBIN!

WHAT'S
WRONG?
WHY ARE
THEY
HERE?



THERE IS NOTHING WRONG,
FOLKS! DURING THE INTER-
MISSION THERE IS TO BE
AN EXHIBITION OF SPEED
SWIMMING BY THE BATMAN,
WHO WILL TRY TO SET A
NEW RECORD! OKAY,
BATMAN!

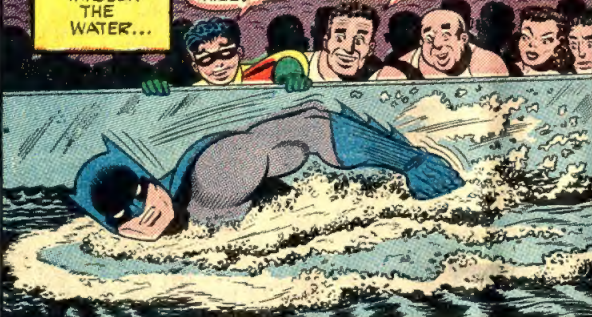


LIKE A DARK
FLASH, THAT
LITHE FIGURE
CUTS
THROUGH
THE
WATER...

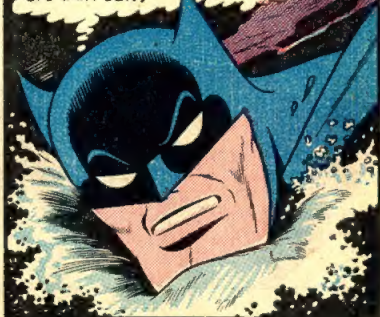
SIX TIMES
AROUND
THE TANK
IS A
QUARTER-
MILE!

THAT'S HIS
EIGHTH LAP!
HE'S SMASHED
THE WORLD'S
RECORD!

A QUARTER
MILE IN TWO
MINUTES!
WOW!



THIS MAKES LESS THAN
FOUR MINUTES FOR A
HALF-MILE! AND THE
WORLD'S RECORD IS 10:07.6!
THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW,
CAPTAIN BEN!



**THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE HAILS
THAT INCREDIBLE PERFORMANCE!**

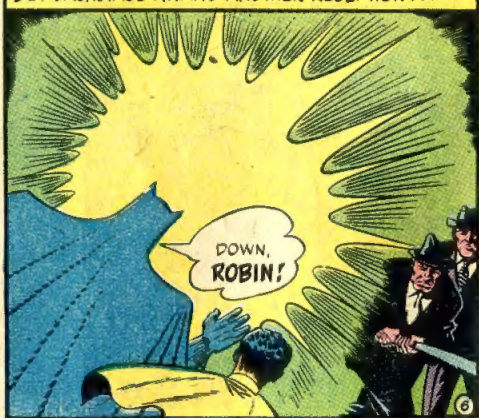
JUST AS I
THOUGHT---THIS
FIVE-MINUTES
INTERMISSION
HAS BEEN AT
LEAST TEN
MINUTES!

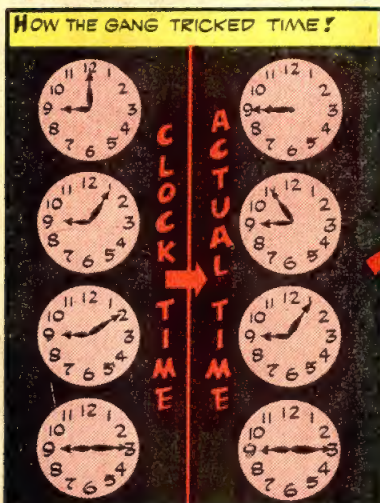
**YEA..
BATMAN!!**



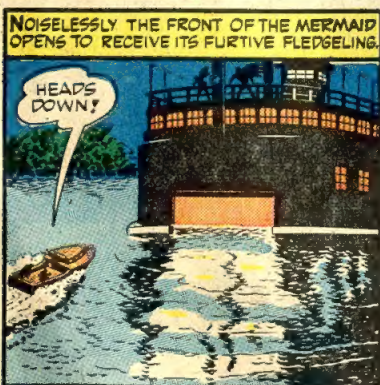
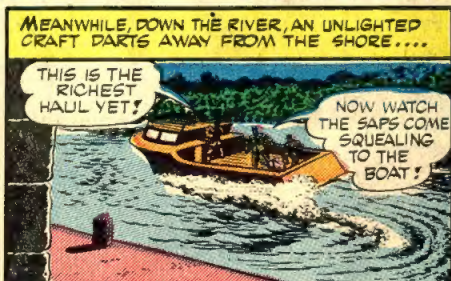
BUT BACKSTAGE AWAITS ANOTHER RECEPTION...

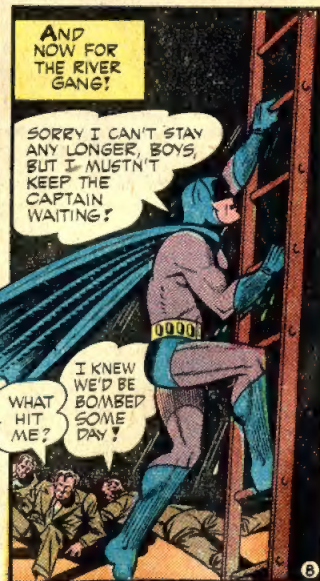
DOWN,
ROBIN!





AND, WITHOUT WATCHES, THE BATHING SPECTATORS HAD ONLY THE ALTERED CLOCK TO TELL THE TIME!

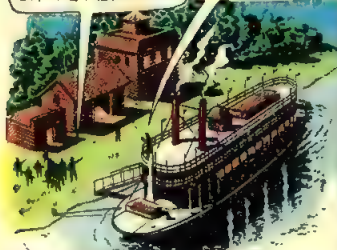




UNAWARE OF THE DISASTER BELOW-DECK, CAPTAIN BEN GUARDS HIS GANGPLANK...

WE CHASED THEM TO THE RIVER AND SAW THEM HEADING FOR YOUR BOAT, CAPTAIN! THEY'RE ON THE MERMAID!

IMPOSSIBLE! I CAN VOUCH FOR MY TROUPE AND NOT ANOTHER SOUL HAS COME ABOARD SINCE!



I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT, CAPTAIN!

BUT WILLY CAPTAIN BEN THINKS FAST...

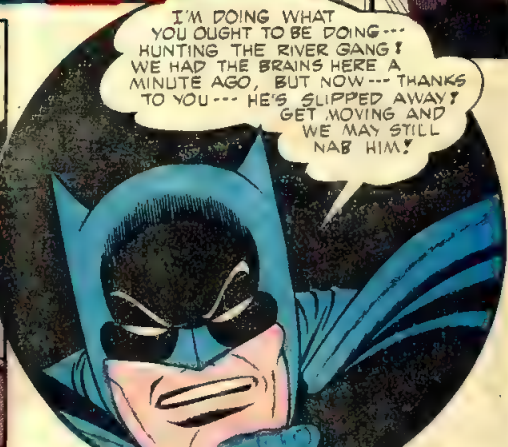
THE BATMAN... THERES YOUR ANSWER CONSTABLE! HE WAS IN THE TOWN WHEN IT WAS LOOTED! HES HERE! HES USING MY BOAT AS A HIDEOUT! LOOK---HES STILL WET FROM SWIMMING ABOARD!



THE SLY RUSE WORKS...

MY TOWN'S BEEN ROBBED CLEAN, AND I AIN'T TAKIN' CHANCES WITH NOBODY! HOW DO WE KNOW YOU ARE THE BATMAN?

AND IF YOU ARE THE BATMAN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



I'M DOING WHAT YOU OUGHT TO BE DOING--- HUNTING THE RIVER GANG! WE HAD THE BRAINS HERE A MINUTE AGO, BUT NOW--- THANKS TO YOU--- HE'S SLIPPED AWAY! GET MOVING AND WE MAY STILL NAB HIM!

TOO LATE! YOU HELD ME JUST LONG ENOUGH TO LET HIM MAKE HIS GET-A-WAY!

I--- I DIDN'T KNOW! I COULDN'T TELL!



THERE HE GOES, CONSTABLE! THAT'S THE LAST YOU'LL SEE OF CAPTAIN BEN---AND THE LOOT HIS GANG TOOK OUT OF YOUR TOWN!

WHY, THE DOUBLE-CROSSING LIAR! AND HE SOUNDED SO HONEST!



MINUTES LATER, OUT OVER THE RIVER STREAKS AN EERIE, BAT-SHAPED CRAFT--- THE 'BATPLANE'!



OKAY, CAPTAIN BEN--- HERE I COME WHEREVER YOU ARE!



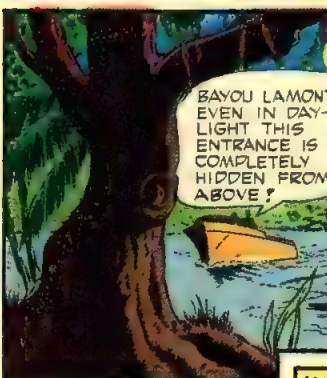
BUT WHERE IS ROBIN? THAT'S WHAT PUZZLES ME!

WHILE FAR BELOW, SKIMMING OVER THE DARK SURFACE OF THE MISSISSIPPI---



LISTEN, CAPTAIN--- A PLANE!

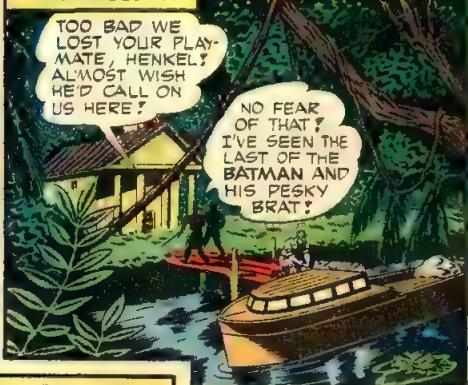
SO THE BATMAN STILL IS WITH US... WELL, HERE IS WHERE WE PART COMPANY!



BAYOU LAMONT! EVEN IN DAY-LIGHT THIS ENTRANCE IS COMPLETELY HIDDEN FROM ABOVE!

BYE-BYE, BATMAN!

MILES UP THE SWAMPY BAYOU LIES A REMOTE RENDEZVOUS...



TOO BAD WE LOST YOUR PLAYMATE, HENKEL! ALMOST WISH HE'D CALL ON US HERE!

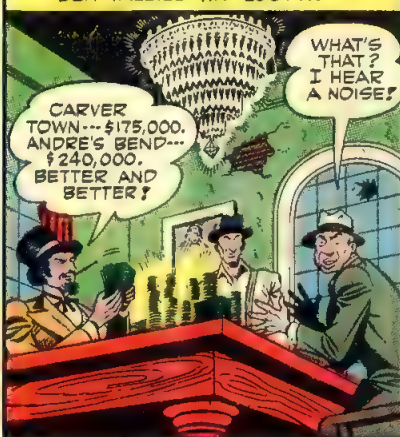
NO FEAR OF THAT? I'VE SEEN THE LAST OF THE BATMAN AND HIS PESKY BRAT!

BUT EVEN BEFORE THE ECHO OF HIS COCK-SURE WORDS FADES...



PESKY BRAT, EH? WE'LL TAKE THAT UP LATER, HENKEL!

HALF AN HOUR LATER... CAPTAIN BEN TALLIES HIS LOOT...

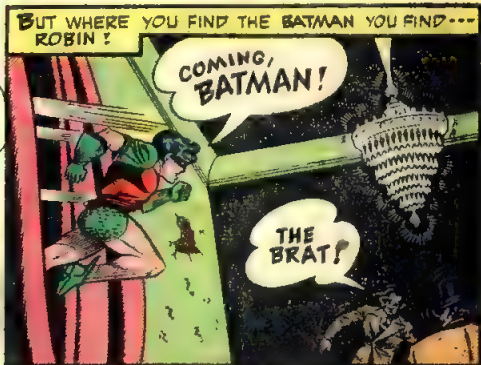
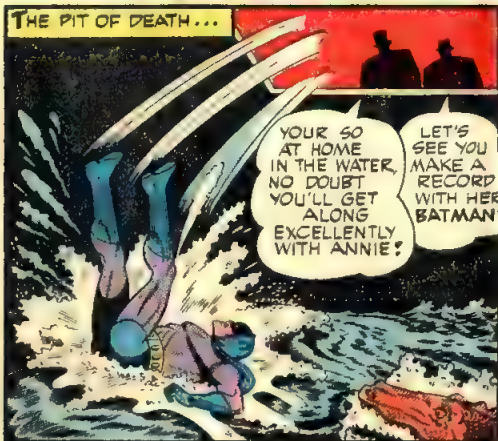
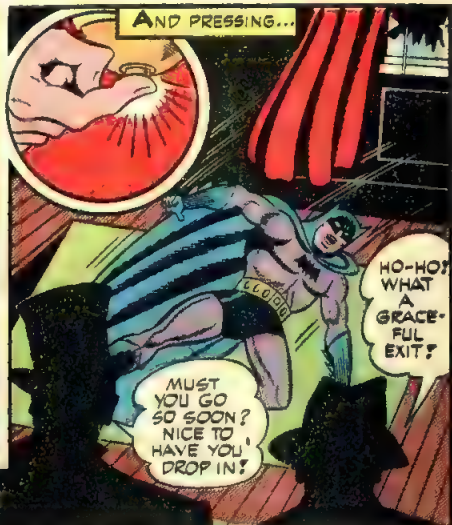
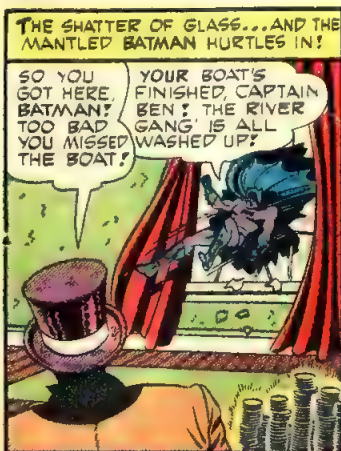


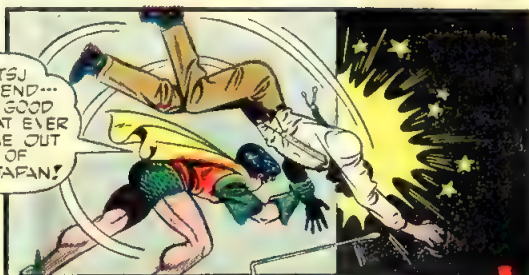
CARVER TOWN---\$175,000. ANDRE'S BEND---\$240,000. BETTER AND BETTER!

WHAT'S THAT? I HEAR A NOISE!

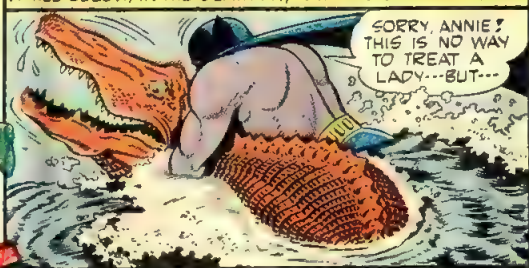


A NOISE? YES, I HEAR IT TOO! IT SEEMS MY WISH IS ABOUT TO BE GRANTED!





WHILE BELOW, IN THE DEATH PIT, A TITANIC STRUGGLE RAGES!

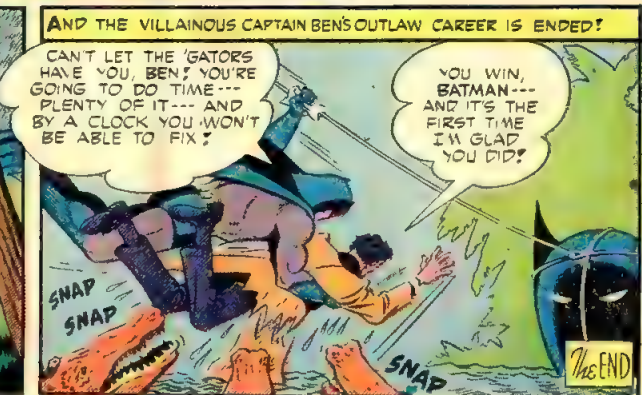
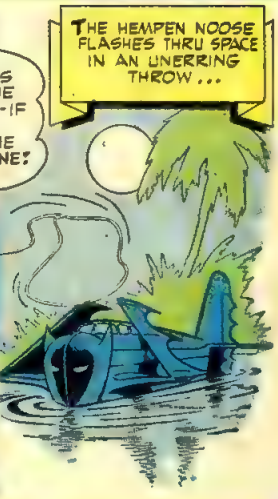
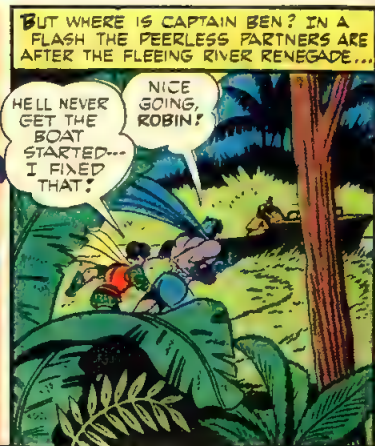
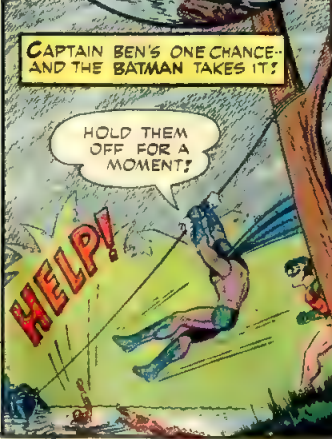
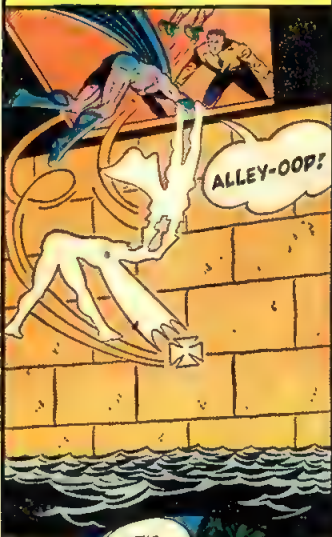


BUT BEFORE THE BATMAN CAN FOLLOW---

---DISASTER LOOMS...

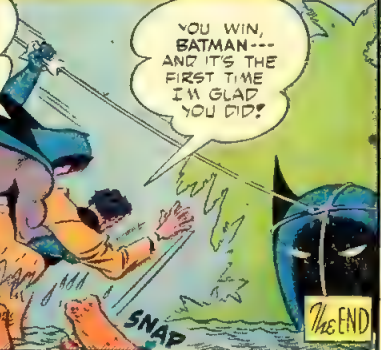
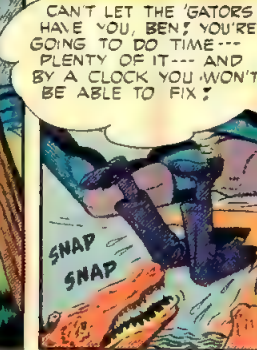
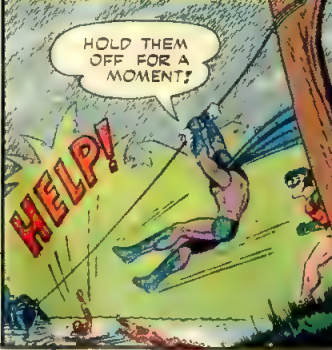


ONLY THE ACROBATMAN'S PERFECT COORDINATION OF MIND AND MUSCLE CAN MEET THAT PERIL...

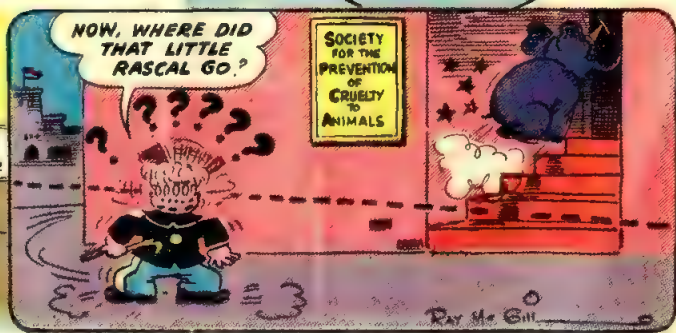
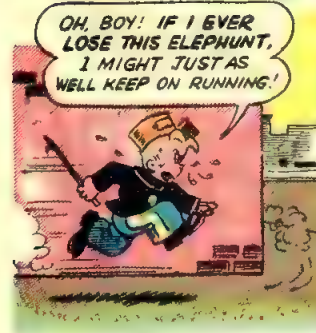
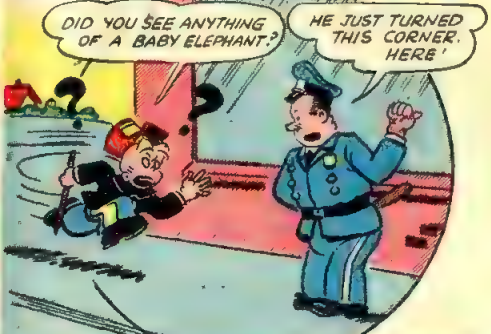
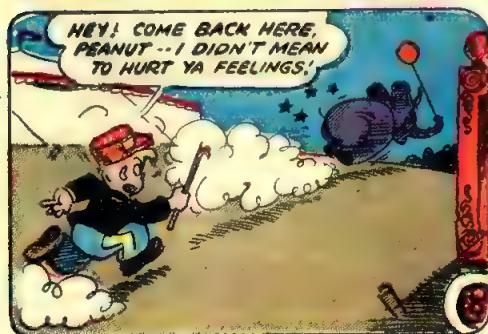
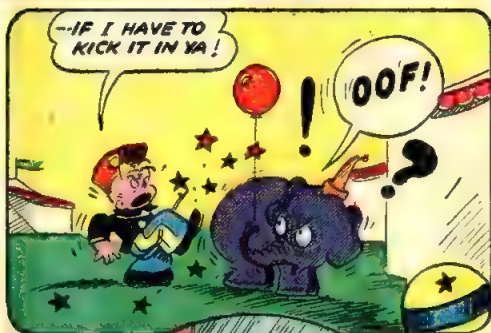
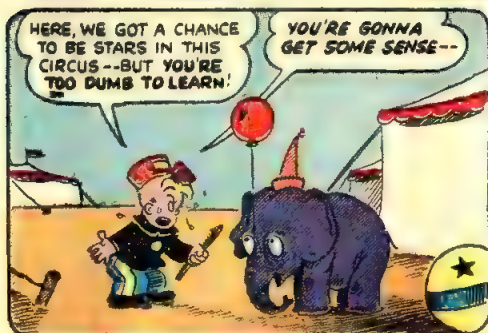
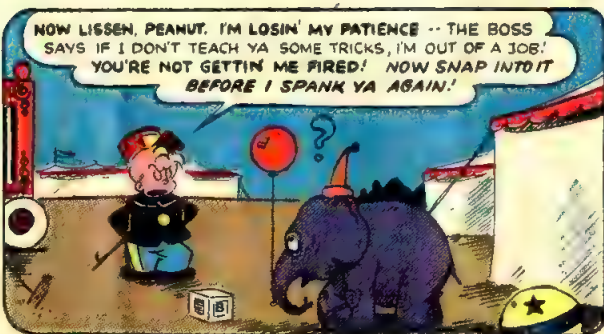


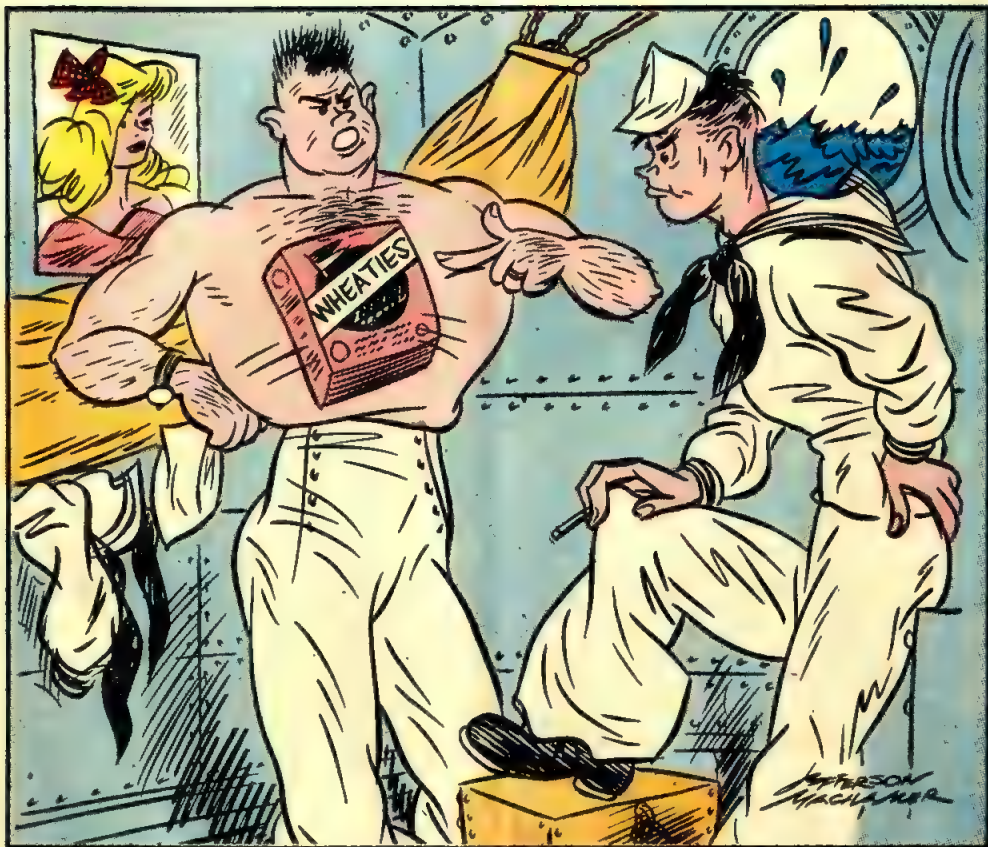
CAPTAIN BEN'S ONE CHANCE---AND THE BATMAN TAKES IT!

AND THE VILLAINOUS CAPTAIN BEN'S OUTLAW CAREER IS ENDED!



THE END





"Why not? They helped give me the energy to develop this chest!"



OUR SAILOR FRIEND CERTAINLY APPRECIATES THAT FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." SO WILL YOU, ONCE YOU LEARN HOW REALLY GOOD WHEATIES ARE....GOOD FOR YOU....AND DELICIOUSLY GOOD, TOO.

BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. ROASTED AND TOASTED AND FLAVORED JUST RIGHT WITH SWEET MALT SYRUP...THAT'S WHEATIES. AND WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT, MAKE THE SAME CHAMPION DISH RECOMMENDED BY SO MANY LEADING COACHES AND BIG-TIME ATHLETES. A DISH THAT'S CHUCK-FULL OF CONCENTRATED FOOD ENERGY AND ZIPPY "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR.

YES, YOU'LL REALLY GO FOR WHEATIES TOP NOURISHMENT AND TIP-TOP FLAVOR. SO GET SET FOR REAL FUN AT BREAKFAST. SAIL INTO A HEAPING BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."



"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

The

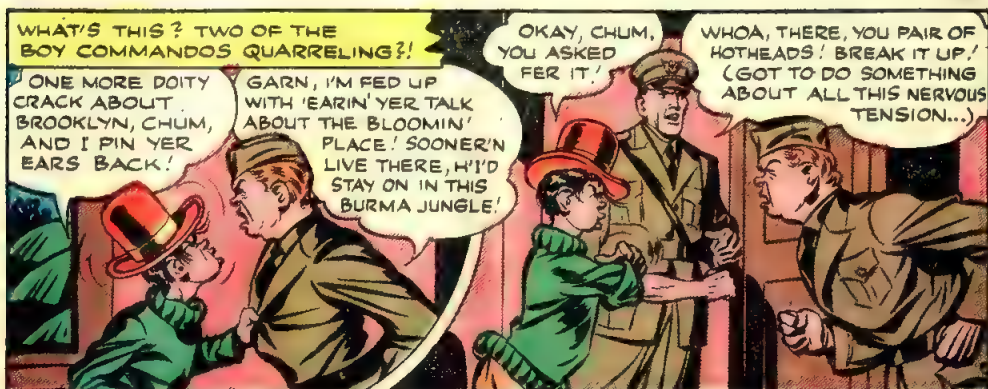
BOY COMMANDOS

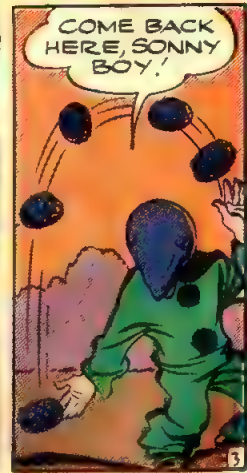
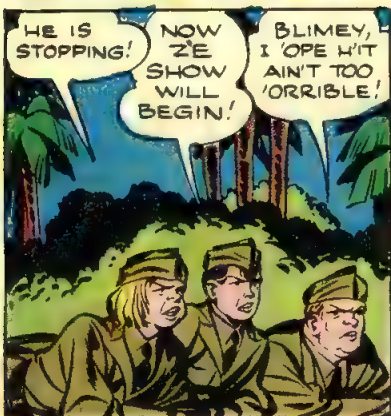
in "COMMANDO
PERFORMANCE!"

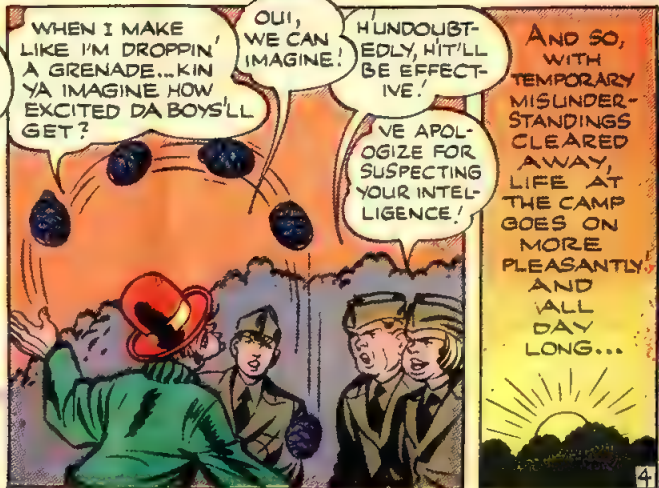
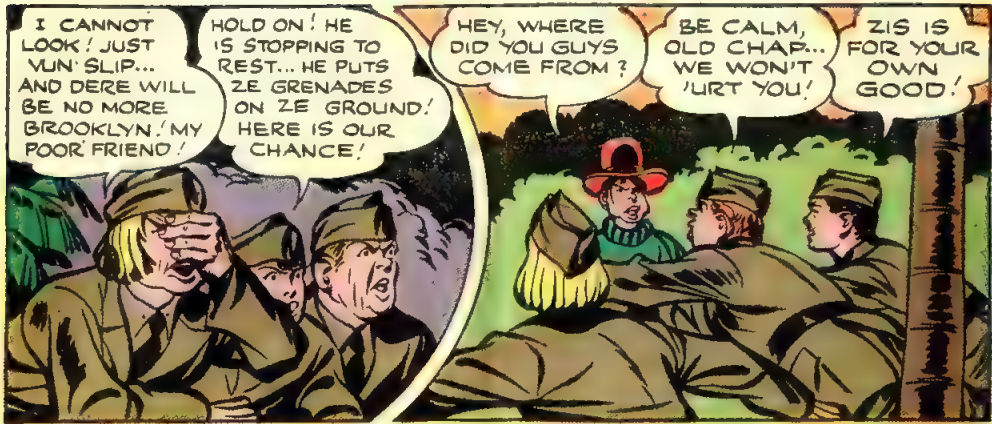


THEY SING, THEY DANCE, THEY CLOWN...THEY BRING TEARS OF LAUGHTER TO YOUR EYES, AND WRING SIGHS OF SADNESS FROM YOUR HEART! WHO? WHY, THE **BOY COMMANDOS**, OF COURSE - WHO RIVAL HOLLYWOOD AND PUT BROADWAY TO SHAME - IN THE FAR OFF FAST-NESSSES OF THE BURMA JUNGLE! P.S.: THEY SIMPLY SLAY THE JAPS!

by JOE SIMON and JACK KIRBY









L'AMOUR,
OUI,
L'AMOUR...

SO H'I
SAYS TO 'IM,
SAYS I, 'WHAT
DID YA H'EXPECT,
H'EGG IN YOUR
H'ALE?''

AT LAST, THE DAY OF
THE GREAT PERFORM-
ANCE! EARLY IN THE
AFTERNOON...

JUST A LITTLE
MORE PRACTICE,
AN' I'LL BE
POIFECT!



SUDDENLY...
EVEN RIP... HUH...?
JAPS !!!

YIIII...
A HALF-
MAN, HALF-
SHARK!

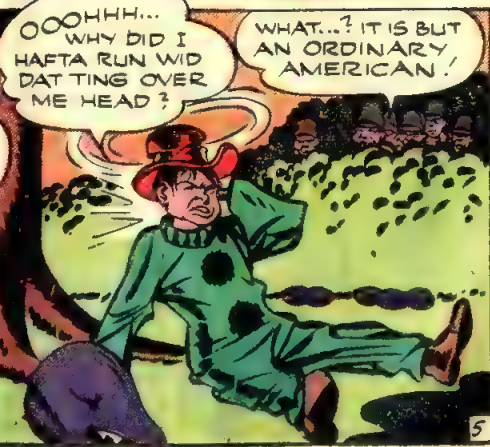


I GOTTA GIT BACK
TO DA CAMP, AN'
WARN 'EM! DEY
DIDN'T KNOW ANY
NIPS WERE AROUND!



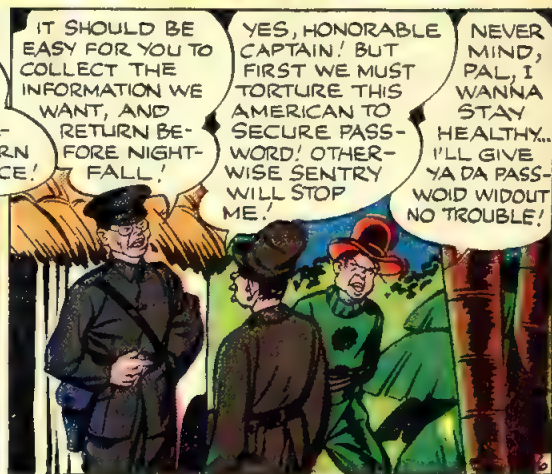
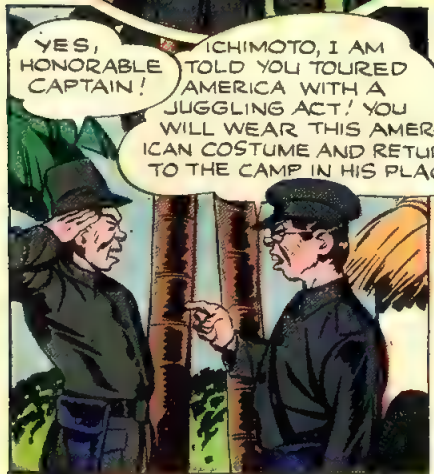
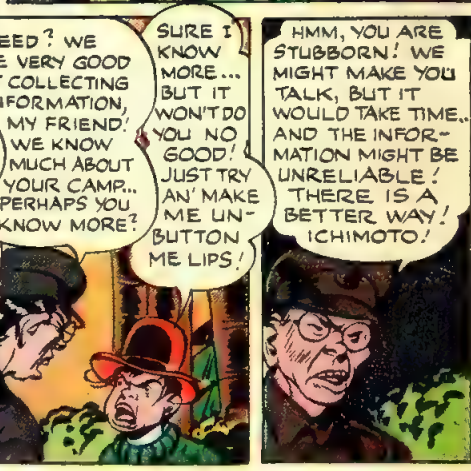
C-RASH!

YEEEOWWW...
DAT TREE
SLUGGED ME
WHILE I
WASN'T
LOOKIN'!



OOOHHH...
WHY DID I
HAFTA RUN WID
DAT TING OVER
ME HEAD?

WHAT...? IT IS BUT
AN ORDINARY
AMERICAN!



TAKE DAT...
OWWW!

MOMENTS LATER...

WE FOUND THIS AMERICAN,
HONORABLE CAPTAIN, WEARING
THIS SHARK'S HEAD! HE
WAS ALSO AMUSING HIMSELF
IN A MOST PECULIAR WAY!

TOSSING
HARMLESS
GRENADES
SUCH AS THIS
INTO THE AIR
AND CATCHING
THEM AGAIN!

A JUGGLER!
AMERICANS
ARE FOND
OF SUCH
AMUSEMENTS,
ALTHOUGH
THEY DO NOT
EQUAL US
JAPANESE IN
SKILL!

DAT'S
WHAT YOU
TINK, RAT!
ANYTING
YOU KIN DO,
A GUY FROM
BROOKLYN
KIN DO...
BETTER!

INDEED? WE
ARE VERY GOOD
AT COLLECTING
INFORMATION,
MY FRIEND!
WE KNOW
MUCH ABOUT
YOUR CAMP...
PERHAPS YOU
KNOW MORE?

SURE I
KNOW
MORE...
BUT IT
WON'T DO
YOU NO
GOOD!
JUST TRY
AN' MAKE
ME UN-
BUTTON
ME LIPS!

HMM, YOU ARE
STUBBORN! WE
MIGHT MAKE YOU
TALK, BUT IT
WOULD TAKE TIME...
AND THE INFOR-
MATION MIGHT BE
UNRELIABLE!
THERE IS A
BETTER WAY!
ICHIMOTO!

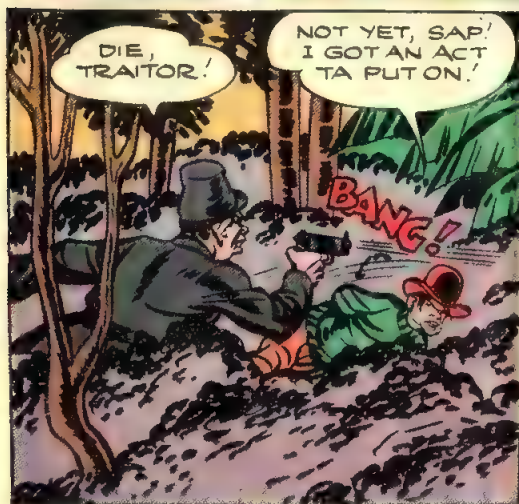
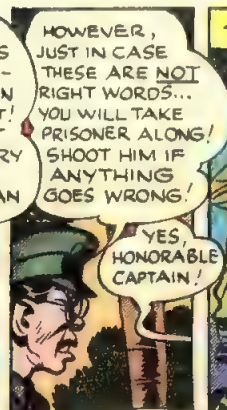
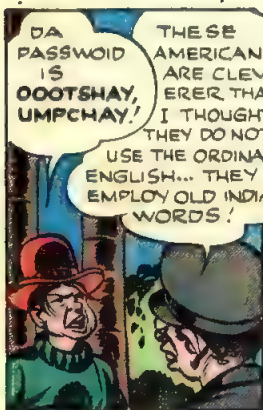
YES,
HONORABLE
CAPTAIN!

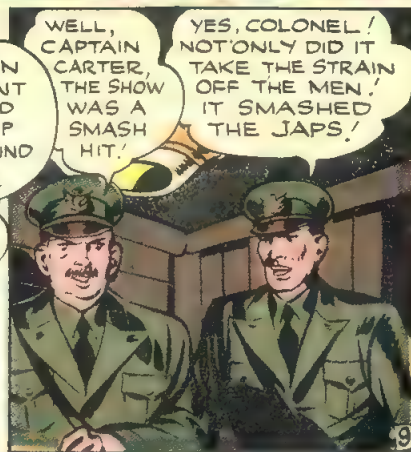
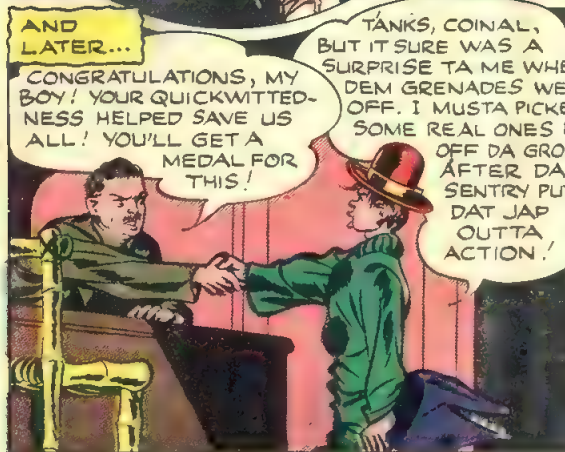
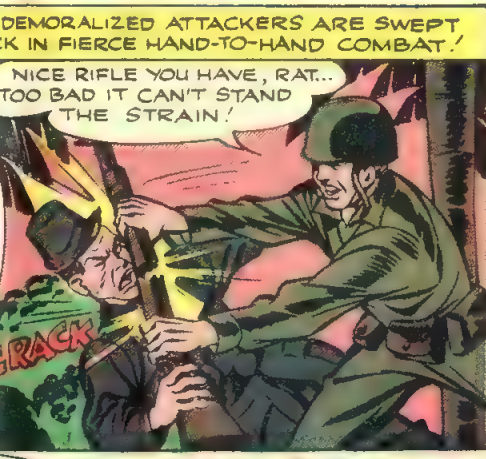
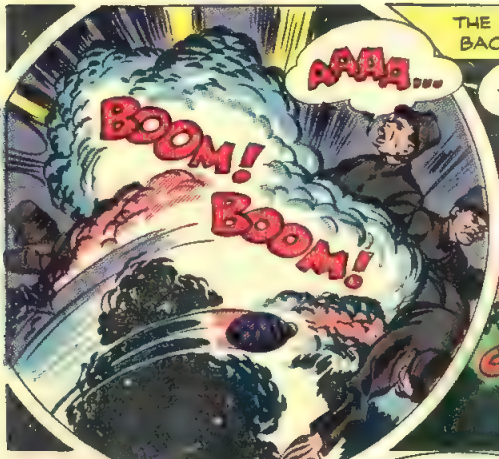
ICHIMOTO, I AM
TOLD YOU TOURED
AMERICA WITH A
JUGGLING ACT! YOU
WILL WEAR THIS AMER-
ICAN COSTUME AND RETURN
TO THE CAMP IN HIS PLACE!

IT SHOULD BE
EASY FOR YOU TO
COLLECT THE
INFORMATION WE
WANT, AND
RETURN BE-
FORE NIGHT-
FALL!

YES, HONORABLE
CAPTAIN! BUT
FIRST WE MUST
TORTURE THIS
AMERICAN TO
SECURE PASS-
WORD! OTHER-
WISE SENTRY
WILL STOP
ME!

NEVER
MIND, I
WANNA
STAY
HEALTHY...
I'LL GIVE
YA DA PASS-
WORD WIDOUT
NO TROUBLE!





LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh Eveready Batteries**



"Don't worry, darling! There's nobody around!"

THE DEPENDABLE POWER of "Eveready" No. 6 Dry Cells is being put to excellent use right now in the armed forces' field telephone units. This means that the relatively small civilian supply must be stretched as far as possible—use yours carefully!

The proper handling of America's food supply can help shorten the war and write the peace. Don't be responsible for wasting an ounce of food!

The words "Eveready" and "Ignitor" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

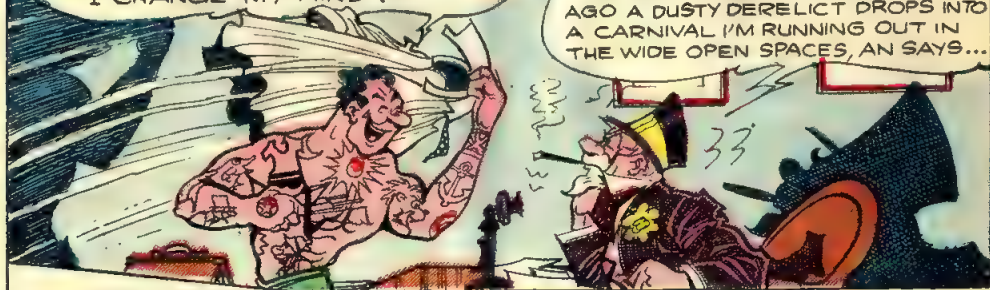


THREE-RING BINKO

TOP-FLIGHT BOOKING AGENT
AND TALENT SCOUT FOR ALL
AND SUNDRY CIRCUS HEAD-
LINE PERFORMERS.

GREETINGS, BROTHER! YOU ARE
NOW GAZING ON THE GREATEST
ANIMATED PICTURE GALLERY IN THIS
OR ANY OTHER WORLD... THIS IS JUST
HALF A FLASH, PAL... BUT FROM HEAD
TO FOOT I'M A WALKING ENCYCLOPEDIA
OF OVER SIX THOUSAND ILLUMINATED
MASTERPIECES OF THE KEENEST ART
THAT SIMPLY STRANGLES THE HUMAN
IMAGINATION-- I BOOK UNDER THE
BILLING OF "CROCHETED COOGAN,
THE TATTOOED TYCOON!" WANNA
SLIP ME A FAST FAT CONTRACT BEFORE
I CHANGE MY MIND?

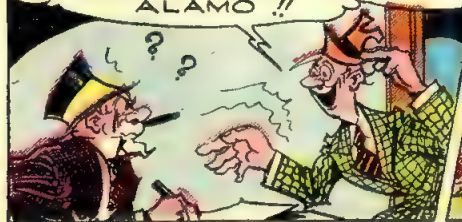
SO YOU THINK YOU'RE A
SYMPHONY IN NEEDLEWORK, EH, BUB?
WELL, KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON,
THEN JUST SIT DOWN AN' SHOOSH
--CUZ NOW PAPA'S GONNA TELL
YOU A BEDTIME STORY ABOUT A
TATTOOED ATTRACTION THAT
MAKES YOUR PENNY PEEP SHOW
LOOK LIKE AN AMATEUR'S SMEAR--
LISTEN! ABOUT THUTTY YEARS
AGO A DUSTY DERELICT DROPS INTO
A CARNIVAL I'M RUNNING OUT IN
THE WIDE OPEN SPACES, AN SAYS...



HIYA, PARD! I TOOK A FIRST-LOOK
LIKIN' TO YOU ON MY WAY IN JUST NOW
SO I SEZ TO M'SELF-- I'M WORKIN'
FOR THIS GUY FROM NOW ON--AND
FOR BIG DOUGH, TOO! IN CASE YOU
DON'T KNOW WHO I AM-- I'M
STENCILLED JOE, FROM
ALAMO !!

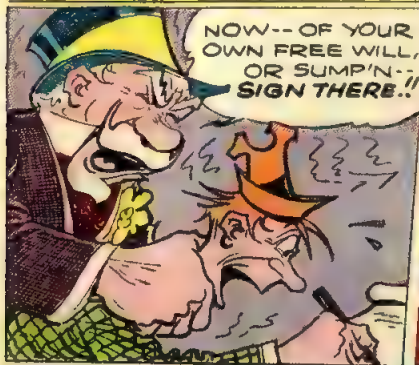
--WITH THAT, HE SHED EVERYTHING TO
HIS SHORTS, AND BELIEVE ME, BUB,
HE WAS SURE SOMETHING OUT OF
THIS WORLD-- COMPLETELY!

OH YEAH, POPS! AND I'M A
DOUBLE-JOINTED CONTORTIONIST,
BESIDES --INTER THE BARGAIN.



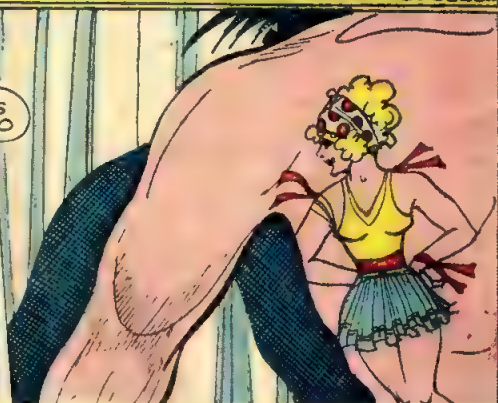
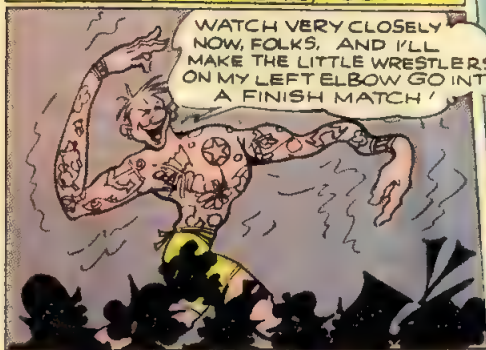
I IMMEDIATELY SIGNED HIM UP FOR A "RUN OF THE SHOW" CONTRACT, RIGHT ON THE SPOT--YOU CAN LAY TO THAT.

-- AND, BOY, WAS HE A SURE-FIRE BOX OFFICE SMASH HIT FROM THE START--I'LL SAY! WE HAD TO PRACTICALLY "SHOE-HORN" THE LATE COMERS IN AFTER THE FIRST SHOW! --



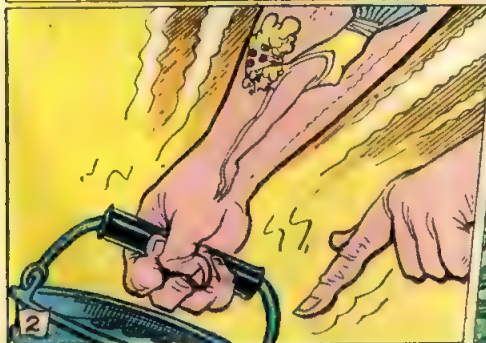
WE HAD A TANTALIZING KNACK OF RIPPLING HIS DOUBLE-JOINTED MUSCLES THAT KEPT THE COUNTRY YOKELS IN A CONSTANT UPPOAR, TOO.

-- FOR A SLAM FINISH, HE HAD A VERY BEAUTIFUL DIVING GIRL HE CALLED ROMONA, TATTOOED ON HIS CHEST THAT HE COULD MAKE DIVE STRAIGHT DOWN HIS ARM BY MERELY FLEXING CERTAIN HIDDEN MUSCLES.



-- AND THEN SHE WOULD DISAPPEAR COMPLETELY IN A PAIL OF WATER. HE WOULD HOLD FOR THAT VERY PURPOSE-- (HARUMPH-- NO, I NEVER DID FIND OUT EXACTLY JUST HOW HE DID THAT ONE).

THE SHOW WAS SOON MAKING SCADS AND SCADS OF THAT GRAND OLD STUFF (CRISP FOLDING MONEY) AND EVERY ONE OF US IN THE TROUPE WAS STRUTTING HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME ...



THEN IT HAPPENED!-- I THINK WE WERE PLAYING CHEYENNE, WYO. OR MEBBE IT WAS WACO, TEXAS. TENNYRATE, OUR "MUSCLE MAESTRO" SUDDENLY WENT ALL-OUT TEMPERAMENTAL...



COUNT ME OUT OF THE AFTERNOON SHOW TODAY, CHIEF. I GOT TH' MISERIES-- **BUT BAD!** MY OL' RHEUMATISM HAS GOT ME DOUBLED UP-- BACK TO PRACTICALLY NORMAL!

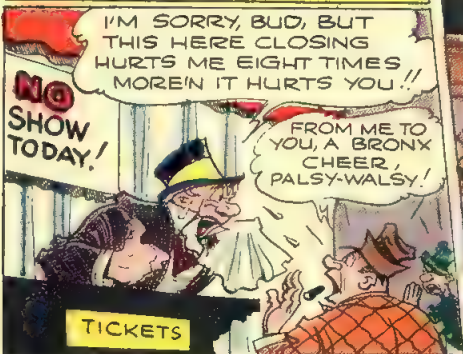
NEXT, HE WENT ON A HAY-WIRE SPENDING-BEE-- FOR THE FLASHIEST, DUDIEST AND MOST EXPENSIVE CLOTHES MONEY COULD BUY--- HE PANICKED US COMPLETELY!



I DON'T GET IT ?-- HOW CAN THAT MESS OF "GALLOPING CAMEOS" DO LIKE HE DOES DO--AN' ALL ON \$13.50 A WEEK!

LOOKAT 'IM, BOSS!

-- FINALLY, HE GOT SO PLUMB UPPITY, WE HAD TO CLOSE SHOW BECAUSE HE DIDN'T SHOW UP!



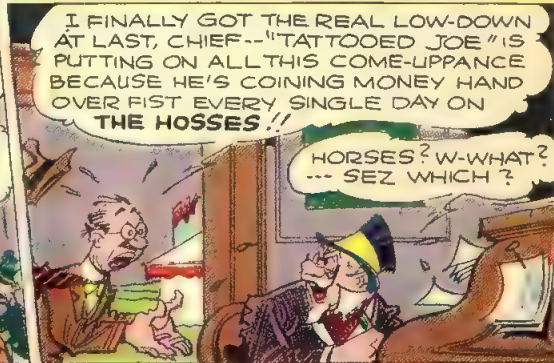
I'M SORRY, BUD, BUT THIS HERE CLOSING HURTS ME EIGHT TIMES MOREN' IT HURTS YOU!!

FROM ME TO YOU, A BRONX CHEER, PALSY-WALSY!

NO SHOW TODAY!

TICKETS

-- AT LONG LAST HOWEVER, THE STARK NAKED TRUTH STRUCK US RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES, LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.



I FINALLY GOT THE REAL LOW-DOWN AT LAST, CHIEF-- "TATTOOED JOE" IS PUTTING ON ALL THIS COME-UPPANCE BECAUSE HE'S COINING MONEY HAND OVER FIST EVERY SINGLE DAY ON **THE HOSSES!!**

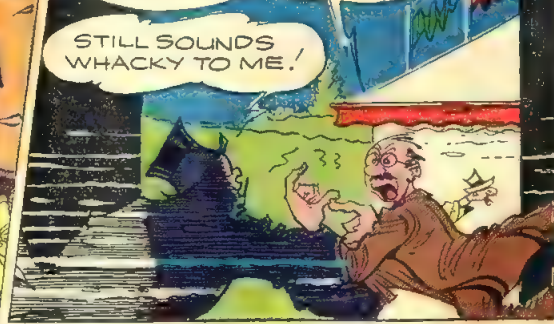
HORSES? W-WHAT? --- SEZ WHICH?

-- ARE YOU GOIN' PLUMB LOCO, MAN? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT WE'RE AT LEAST NINE HUN'NERT MILES FROM THE NEAREST RACE TRACK AS THE CROW FLIES? AND--AND--



-- THAT! MAKES NO DIFFERENCE, BOSS BINKS! COME WITH ME AND YOUR EYES WILL POP AT THE GREATEST MIRACLE OF THE CENTURY, SAH!

STILL SOUNDS WHACKY TO ME!



REALIZING THAT THOUSANDS OF BOX-OFFICE DOLLARS WERE SLIPPING THROUGH MY FINGERS DAILY, I RUSHED OUT BEHIND THE COOK- TENT-- AND SAW...

W-WHY, THAT'S MOST OF. WHAT WOULD'VE BEEN OUR AUDIENCE, WHAT'RE THEY DOIN' WAY OUT HERE?



-- HE, AND A SYNDICATE OF VERY SHREWD TOUTS, WERE MAKING BOOK-- SEVEN RACES A DAY, ON TATTOOED JOE'S BACK MUSCLES!!

LAST CALL, MEN!
ONE - TWO - THREE ---
AN' **THEY'RE OFF!!**



I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I TOLD YOU OR NOT-- BUT TATTOOED JOE HAD THREE THOROUGHbred RACE HORSES (ALL AT THE POST) TATTOOED HIGH UP ON HIS LEFT SHOULDER BLADE, SO...



-- THEN JOE WOULD IMMEDIATELY GO INTO A DOUBLE - JOINTED SPASM OF MUSCULAR CONTORTIONS AND THE TATTOOED HORSES WOULD GALLOP ACROSS HIS BACK TO THE FINISH LINE ON JOE'S RIGHT SHOULDER!

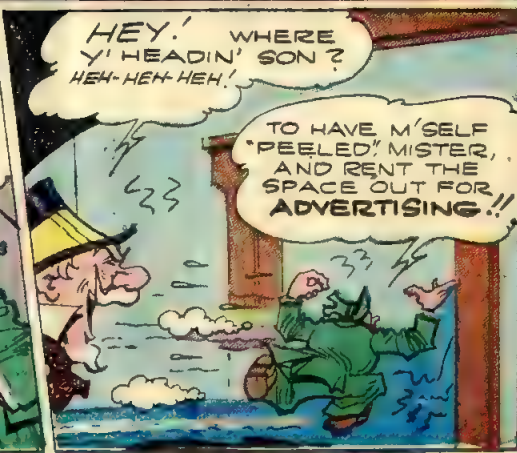


EH?-- WHAT? -- DID THE PUBLIC EVER PICK A WINNER? -- WHY CERTAINLY **NOT!!**-- HOW COULD THEY? AS SOON AS THE HORSES "HIT THE STRETCH", IN THE MIDDLE OF JOE'S BACK, JOE ALWAYS TURNED HIS OLD "SCIATICA" RHEUMATISM ON THE "FAVORITES"-- JOE CLEANED UP A MILLION!!



HEY! WHERE Y' HEADIN' SON?
HEH-HEH-HEH!

TO HAVE M'SELF "PEELED" MISTER, AND RENT THE SPACE OUT FOR ADVERTISING!!



MOLLY

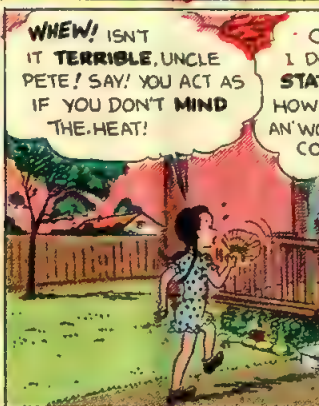


By Ray Houlihan



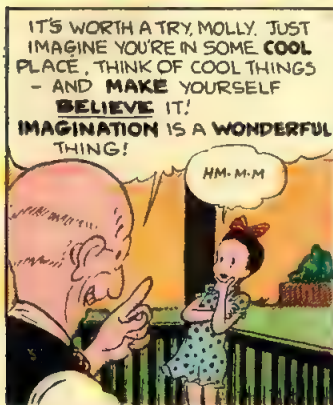
GOLLIES! IS IT HOT!!

THIS IS THE HOTTEST DAY
I'VE EVER LIVED TO SEE-
AND I DOUBT IF I WILL
LIVE THROUGH IT!



WHEW! ISN'T
IT **TERRIBLE**, UNCLE
PETE! SAY! YOU ACT AS
IF YOU DON'T MIND
THE HEAT!

OH- I ADMIT IT'S HOT BUT
I DON'T NOTICE IT, MOLLY. IT'S ALL A
STATE OF MIND! YOU KEEP **THINKING**
HOW HOT IT IS AN' IT **SEEMS T'** GET WORSE
AN' WORSE-- IF Y' JUST **IMAGINE** Y' FEEL
COOL Y'D BE SURPRISED T' SEE HOW
COMFORTABLE Y' CAN BECOME!



IT'S WORTH A TRY, MOLLY. JUST
IMAGINE YOU'RE IN SOME **COOL**
PLACE. THINK OF COOL THINGS
- AND **MAKE** YOURSELF
BELIEVE IT!
IMAGINATION IS A WONDERFUL
THING!

HM-M-M



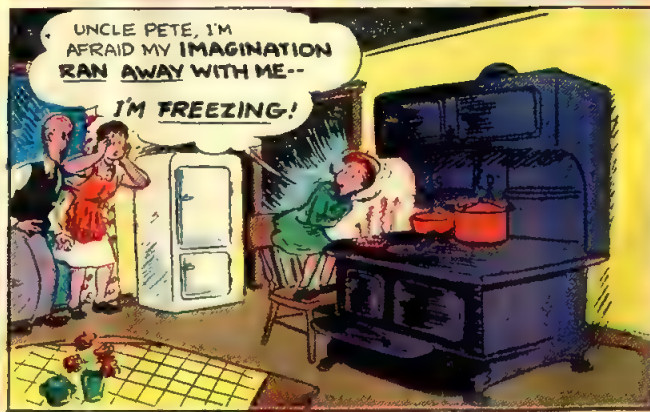
I'LL THINK OF THE SEASHORE!
AH-N! I CAN FEEL THAT **COOL**
BREEZE-- **OBOY!** I JUST CAME
OUT OF THE WATER! DO I FEEL
SWELL- GEE! UNCLE PETE
SURE IS SMART!



GOLLIES! NOW IT'S **SHOWING!**
BOY I'M SURE FEELING GOOD
NOW! HOW DOES UNCLE PETE
KNOW ALL THESE THINGS?
-- AH-N --



LATER--- **MINNIE!** COME
HERE **QUICK!** MOLLY
IS **SICK!** **SUNSTROKE** OR
SOMETHING! OH-N- CALL A
DOCTOR!! OH-N-N



UNCLE PETE, I'M
AFRAID MY **IMAGINATION**
RAN AWAY WITH ME--
I'M FREEZING!

THE WARPATH

by Devon Taylor

THIS time, he was the hunter instead of the hunted. He knew he must not fail, and, being an Indian brave he would not fail. He would give up his life rather than go back and admit defeat.

Those of Joe's tribe, however, did not know what he was doing now. They had had no indication of the nature of this special mission, but Chief Speak-with-Wisdom, Joe's father, would have approved of this thing, and the way in which his son was tracking down the enemy that had threatened their way of life.

Joe, working his way through the tall sea grass that flourished so abundantly, thought of that way of life now. His tribe had been at peace for many years.

Prosperity had marked a great many of those years, since the day the Sioux had gathered around the Council and smoked the pipe of peace. Weapons had been laid away, and the fire of the torch of vengeance put out; some had thought, forever. But that was not to be so.

Joe's face burned hotly as he allowed his thoughts to stray to the day when the news had first arrived. An enemy who had made a compact not to fight, a power many miles removed from the Sioux and their hills had professed peace and as suddenly launched an invasion.

The Chief, Joe's father, had immediately called a council of war and Joe, being old enough now, had been permitted to attend with the elders. There had been very little talking. Only the Chief had spoken and, in simple, direct, and forceful language had told of this catastrophe which had been visited upon his people and the peoples of other peaceful tribes.

"We will fight," he said, simply. "Our young braves must go to war." His eyes had rested fondly, for a moment, on Joe. "And you, my son, must lead them."

And so proudly, this Indian everyone knew as Joe, set his feet upon the warpath. Behind him were the bravest of the young braves, all eager to fight not for blood-lust as had happened in an earlier day, not even for revenge. They had but one purpose: to bring back to the hills and plains of the Sioux the peaceful days everyone had known to love.

For two years now, they had been fighting. In the thickest of the battle, Joe found his greatest happiness. This was a war that called for consummate skill.

The enemy was tricky. He resorted to unfair means to gain an end, and no cruelty was too great. But, oddly, this was the way Joe and his braves wanted it. This was the re-enactment of the battles the old wise men had told them about; the days of Sitting Bull, and Crazy Horse, and Rain-in-the-Face. A brave's life was in his own hands and the minutest slip could bring him death.

In the oppressive night air, Joe inched his way through the heavy underbrush which took the place of the tall sea grass. Beside and behind him, he knew, were the stealthy shadows of men who, like himself, knew their mission and the danger it involved.

A whisper came to his ears. "It is not far from here."

Joe's hand reached out, pressured the man's arm. "Good," he paused. Then, "Everything is as planned?"

"Yes."

Silence again, except for the noises of the night: the insects, the sleepy cry of night-flying birds, the soft rustle of thick foliage as a vagrant breeze stirred it into activity.

And blended with the night were the forms of the Indians.

Cautiously, Joe inched along on his elbows. In his right hand he held the bow he had never believed he would use for war. Back home, he was considered the best archer in the tribe and, on ceremonial days, would be called upon to display his skill. The braves with him had grown up with him and they, too, were excellent marksmen.

"Laughing Horse."

Joe's whisper in the Sioux tongue brought about a sudden detachment from the shadows of a form that certainly had not seemed to be there. Now, stretched out full length beside the newcomer, Joe said:

"It will be dawn within fifteen minutes. The enemy will most certainly have sentries posted. Probably not more than two, as he doesn't expect us." Joe chuckled. "In fact, he doesn't even know we are aware that he has made camp here. Your job should be easy."

"It will." Laughing Horse's soft voice blended with the night. "You will follow."

"In exactly eight minutes after you leave, we will start."

The shadow slithered away. Joe lay still in the grass, after giving the order that his braves should do likewise. It wouldn't hurt for them to rest. They had been on this trail for three days now.

Three days! Not a complaint had come from his men, despite the hardships they had undergone. They had been able to travel only by night and during

the day, rest had been fitfull. This was a strange, an enemy territory, and a man had to be more than careful. The watchful eyes of the enemy were everywhere, on hills, in trees—one never knew where they were.

But that wouldn't go on for long. In those torturous seventy-two hours, Joe had learned much about the way the enemy fought. This information would go back to the camp and then, when the time came, a stronger, invincible force would set out.

This was only the beginning of a mission and on its success would depend future raids. His father had said: "When the enemy cannot see who strikes him, he becomes afraid of his own shadow. It is then that the victory is won."

And tonight this enemy would discover the truth spoken by an old Indian chief.

Joe's whisper floated on the air. "Proceed."

Once again, the shadows stirred: slowly but surely, ground was gained. It had been like this since the invasion into this strange territory. Always slow, but always sure.

Joe stopped, his ears alert. Had he heard a short, stifling noise, as though someone had gasped for breath? He listened intently. A moment later there was a swishing sound in the air.

Joe smiled. The men around and behind him moved more rapidly following his command. "Laughing Horse has done his part," Joe told himself. It was much better moving this way, half crouched in the shadows. His eyes scanned the sky. Dawn in this country came up like a bolt of lightning. One moment it was so dark a man's hand couldn't be seen. The next instant, it was bright day and the sun was a red ball of fire.

"Well," Joe promised, "today they'll find more than the sun on fire." He smiled again, thinking of the two braves whose sole job would be to set fire to the enemy camp. Their packs were filled with oil-soaked rags

which would be fitted to arrow heads and ignited.

"Everything is ready," a soft voice whispered.

Joe nodded approval of Laughing Horse's stalking. He had scarcely heard the brave come up. "They died without a sound," Laughing Horse whispered. "The rest of the enemy sleeps peacefully."

"And soon he will sleep long," Joe said. His black eyes flashed. "I think we are ready. Give the signal."

The whistle of a mocking bird sounded. The next moment bedlam broke loose. War-whoops split the air as the braves shouted their lungs out. It seemed as though the night itself couldn't withstand such unearthly noise. Dawn broke with a clamor as the night spread.

From the shelter of his camp, the enemy came out. He had had no time to dress. No one, now, had time for anything.

Grinning, Joe fitted an arrow swiftly and skillfully to his bow. The string twanged and a man fell to his death. All around Joe the arrows were flying now. And mixed with them were flaming comets which lodged themselves in the shelters of the enemy. Flames spread quickly. The days had been dry and the early morning breeze now fanned the flames into crackling fire.

Like madmen the enemy rushed around, trying to escape the hail of deadly arrows that seemed to be coming from everywhere. Screened behind the dense foliage, Joe and his men yelled their war cry and sent their arrows speeding on an unstoppable mission of death and destruction.

"No—wait!" Joe's arm stopped the drawing back of Laughing Horse's bow string, "Let him go."

Laughing Horse, whose bow had been trained on a wounded enemy limping into the woods,

looked questioningly at Joe. "But he is the only one left alive."

"I know." Joe watched as the enemy departed into the woods. "I want him to get away." He turned his eyes on the camp. It was through, through for a long time. There would be no checking this blaze now.

He raised his arm and the war whoops stopped. The dead littered the camp. Only one man had been allowed to escape, and that was according to plan. This enemy would tell his superiors what had happened. How out of the night had come thousands of devils with millions of arrows, to wipe out an entire camp. The story would be passed around and around, and the enemy would tremble over it, for fear now would set in.

Joe knew this enemy for what he was: a coward, crafty but fearful. He would sleep troubled sleep at night from now on, and be afraid of his shadow. For he would never know when the screaming devils and their arrows would strike.

Laughing Horse said: "All here, Sir."

Joe laughed. "Let's go then, boys, before that gasoline explodes."

Still chuckling, he plunged into the jungles, followed by his Indian Braves. In his report, First Lieutenant Joseph Brill, late of Sioux City, and now of the Ranger detachment of the United States Army would state:

"Mission accomplished. Secret enemy plane base wiped out. All men of task force returned."

But now, still smiling, he worked his way back through the steaming jungle and thought of what his father would say someday. This hunting of Japs by a patrol of full-blooded American Indians was, after all, something for the old men of the tribe to talk over.

AIR WAVE

60.
50101

MIKE, THE MULE, IS HARD AS NAILS, ROUGH AS SANDPAPER, AND TOUGH AS A RHINO'S HIDE... BUT HE'S NO FIT HERO FOR ASPIRING YOUTH! SO WHEN SEVERAL MISLED YOUNGSTERS HYMN HIS PRAISES, IT'S UP TO *Air Wave*. AT WHATEVER COST TO HIMSELF, TO PUNCTURE A LEGEND, AND DEFLATE A BLUSTERING BULLY, AS HE DOES IN THIS TALE OF THE...

"Battle of the Fans!"

EARLY EVENING IN A SLUM NEIGHBORHOOD... IT'S RATHER A PUBLIC SPOT FOR A PRIVATE MEETING, BUT NONE THE LESS, A STERN CHAIRMAN CALLS CLUB MEMBERS TO ORDER!

OKAY, BOYS, LET'S CUT OUT THE CHATTER. WE MEMBERS OF THE "*Air Wave Fan Club*" WANT SHORT AND SNAPPY MEETINGS!

SURE, FRANKIE, LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS! HOW ARE WE GONNA BUILD THIS CLUB SO IT WON'T BE AN INSULT TO THE NAME OF *Air Wave*!

THAT'S RIGHT! A SWELL GUY LIKE THAT DESERVES A BIGGER BUNCH OF FANS THAN THIS!



BUT BEFORE
DEFINITE SUGGESTIONS
CAN BE
MADE

SCRAM, YOU GUYS!
WE GOTTA HAVE THAT
PLACE TO HOLD A
MEETIN' OF THE
MIKE, THE MULE,
FAN CLUB!

MIKE, THE
MULE? SINCE
WHEN HAS THAT
MUGG HAD
A FAN CLUB?

THAT'S
TELLIN'
'EM,
HOWIE!



SINCE TONIGHT,
THAT'S WHEN!
AND DON'T
CALL MIKE NO
MUGG! HE'S
THE TOUGHEST
GUY AROUND
HERE!

I COULDN'T
ASK NOTHIN'
BETTER THAN
TO GROW UP
TO BE
LIKE HIM!

YOU
MUST BE
AWFUL
DUMB IF
THAT'S THE
BEST YOU
CAN THINK
OF!



OH, YEAH?
OKAY, CHUMS...
YOU'RE ASKING
FOR WHAT YOU'RE
GONNA GET!
COME ON,
BOYS...

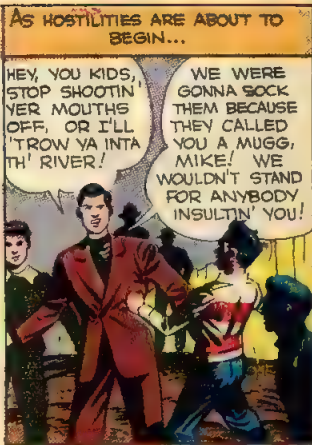
TAKE IT
EASY, SAPS,
OR WE'LL
GIVE YOU
WHAT *Air*
Wave WOULD
GIVE MIKE!



AS HOSTILITIES ARE ABOUT TO
BEGIN...

HEY, YOU KIDS,
STOP SHOOTIN'
YER MOUTHS
OFF, OR I'LL
'TROW YA INTA
TH' RIVER!

WE WERE
GONNA SOCK
THEM BECAUSE
THEY CALLED
YOU A MUGG,
MIKE! WE
WOULDN'T STAND
FOR ANYBODY
'INSULTIN' YOU!



CALL ME A
MUGG, WILL
YOU, GWAN,
YA LITTLE
SAPS, BEFORE
I BEAT
YER BRAINS
OUT!

YOU BIG
BULLY! YOU
WOULDN'T
TALK THAT
WAY IF
AIR WAVE
WAS
AROUND!



YOU KIDS
TINK I'M
GREAT STUFF,
HUH?

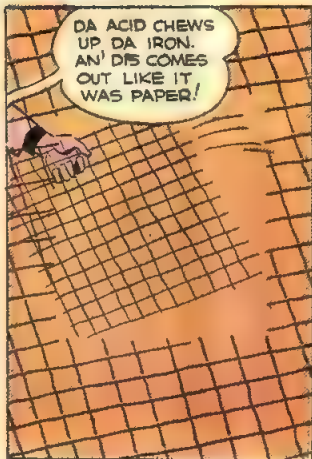
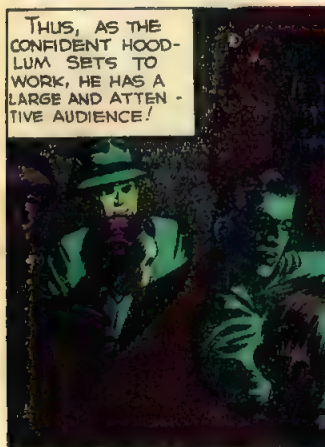
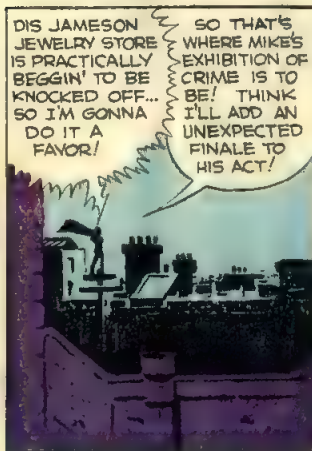
GOSH, MIKE, WE
KIN HARDLY
WAIT TO GROW
UP, SO WE
CAN JOIN
YER MOB!



DAT'S A KINDA KIDS I LIKE!
AN' JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE DA
RIGHT KIND... I'M
GONNA LET YA SEE
ME PULL A JOB! TA
BE A SUCCESS IN
DIS RACKET, LIKE IN
ANY RACKET, YOU GOTTA
START YOUNG!

GOSH,
MIKE!
WE
APPRECIATE
THIS!









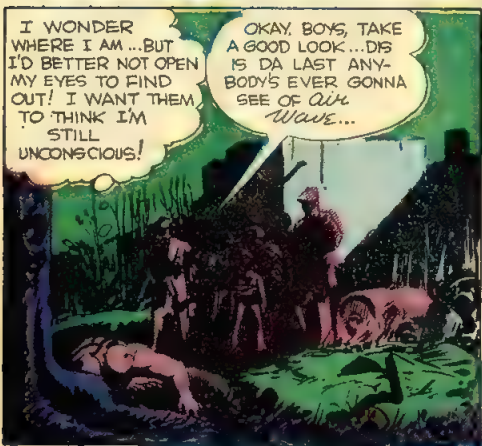
YOU KIDS
COME ALONG...
AN' REMEMBER,
IF YA OPEN YER
YAPS, YA GET
THE SAME
THING!

BUT
TH-THIS
WILL BE
MURDER...
(GULP)!



BOSS,
DEY KNOW
TOO MUCH...
AN' DEY'RE GOIN'
MUSHY ON YA!
WE BETTER TAKE
NO CHANCES!

YEAH,
WE'LL
TAKE CARE
OF DEM
LATER!



I WONDER
WHERE I AM...BUT
I'D BETTER NOT OPEN
MY EYES TO FIND
OUT! I WANT THEM
TO THINK I'M
STILL
UNCONSCIOUS!

OKAY, BOYS, TAKE
A GOOD LOOK...DIS
IS DA LAST ANY-
BODY'S EVER GONNA
SEE OF *Air Wave*...



Abruptly...

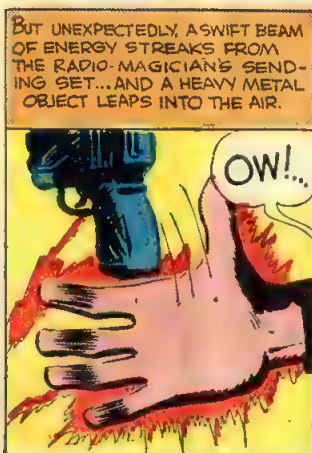
LET 'EM
HAVE IT!
THEY CAN'T
HURT *Air Wave*, WHILE
WE'RE
AROUND!

HUH?...
DEGE
BRATS
AGAIN!



HA! HA!
HIT ME
AGAIN,
KID...IT
TICKLES!

YOU'LL HAVE
TO DO BETTERN
THAT, CHUMS,
TA KEEP *Air Wave* FROM
KICKIN' TH' BUCKET!



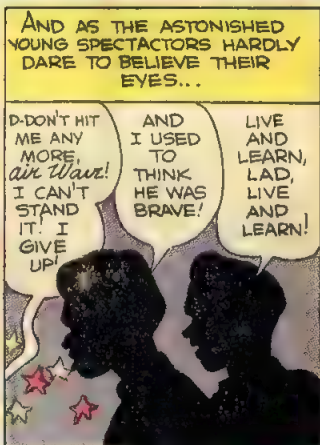
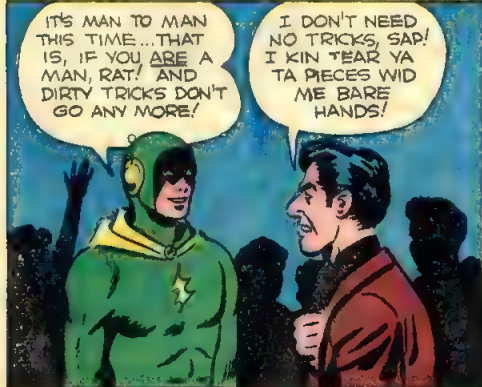
BUT UNEXPECTEDLY, A SWIFT BEAM
OF ENERGY STREAKS FROM
THE RADIO-MAGICIAN'S SEND-
ING SET...AND A HEAVY METAL
OBJECT LEAPS INTO THE AIR.

OW!...

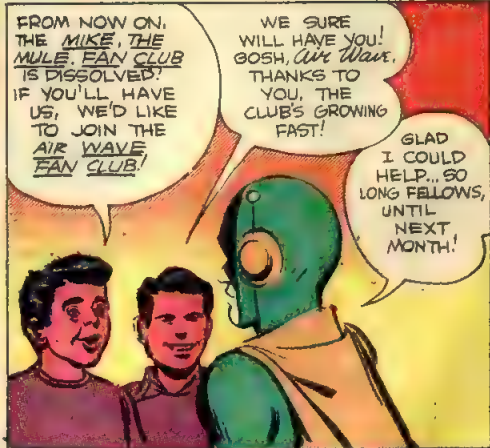


NOW TO CLEAR
A LITTLE SPACE
FOR ACTION!
HOW'S THAT, SAP...
DOES THAT
TICKLE
YOU?

AS THE LESSER MOBSTERS ARE QUICKLY
DISPOSED OF...



AFTER THE POLICE HAVE ARRIVED AND
DEPARTED WITH THEIR PRISONERS...



Save Bags FROM Popsicle® CREAMSICLE® Fudgicle®



LOOK, BOYS AND GIRLS!
SWELL **FREE GIFTS** FOR YOU

OTHER GIFTS FOR BAGS

For 350 Bags or 50¢ and 100 Bags

- #115 COMPLETE BOWLING GAME
- #133 CARTOON INSTRUCTION BOOK
- #233 KHAKI TOILET KIT
- #136 9-PC. MANICURE SET

For 200 Bags or 25¢ and 100 Bags

- #126 INDOOR BASEBALL
- #161 "CAMERA" PENCIL BOX
- #163 PISTOL & HOLSTER
- #171 SLIDE POCKET KNIFE
- #146 FLASHLIGHT
- #173 MEXICAN NOVELTY NECKLACE
- #149 3-PC. PERFUME SET
- #175 33-IN. EXTENSION PERISCOPE

For 100 Bags or 10¢ and 50 Bags

- #135 FIRST AID KIT
- #125 PIN-UP PICTURES & PUZZLES

For 50 Bags or 5¢ and 25 Bags

- #144 GAME & PUZZLE PACKAGE
- #263-282 FOREIGN POSTAGE PACKETS

AND MANY OTHERS



WAR SAVINGS STAMPS In such cases where we can not supply you with the premiums you select, we reserve the right to substitute one 10¢ U. S. War Savings Stamp for each 50 genuine bags submitted for prizes.

It's easy! Every time you buy a "POPSICLE," "CREAM-SICLE," or "FUDGICLE" at your ice cream store, Save the bags! Pretty soon you'll have enough bags from these delicious frozen confections on-a-stick to get the free gifts you want!

Rapid Fire MACHINE GUN



Big ack-ack gun... 24½ inches long! Sounds like a real battle! Has swivel-head stand, so you can aim in any direction. Easily converted into Tommy Gun by removing stand. Solid wood; harmless. Thrilling fun! Premium #118... 350 bags, or 50¢ and 150 bags.

Rocket Type CATAPLANE



Special air-pressure catapult tube sends your CATAPLANE looping, diving, gliding and spinning through the air! Simple adjustments make your CATAPLANE fly like a real plane. Thrilling fun, indoors and outdoors. Premium #132... 100 bags, or 10¢ and 50 bags.



Junior G-Man SECRET CODE KIT

It sends and receives secret G-Man code messages! Contains two alphabet slide rules and full, simple instructions. Thrills galore! Every boy and girl will enjoy it! Premium #274... 200 bags, or 25¢ and 100 bags.



MYSTIC WHEEL OF KNOWLEDGE

Set the "Mystic Pointer" in center of magic wheel and presto!... it spins by itself, without anyone touching it, to right answer on quiz card. 12 sets of quiz cards included. Premium #247... 350 bags, or 50¢ and 150 bags.



Start
Saving Bags
Today!

SEND BAGS TO "POPSICLE" SERVICE DEPARTMENT

(Nearest Address)

NEW YORK, N. Y. 601 W. 26th Street
CHICAGO, ILL. 1000 N. Ogden Avenue
LOS ANGELES, CAL. 2744 E. 11th Street
ATLANTA, GA. 325 Elizabeth St., N. E.

When you have the required number of bags for the Free Gift you desire, send them to the nearest "POPSICLE" Service Department. Ask your ice cream dealer for complete new gift list today!

The above offer is void and is not extended in any State or locality where redemption or issuance thereof is prohibited or where any tax, license or other restriction is imposed upon the redemption or issuance thereof.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

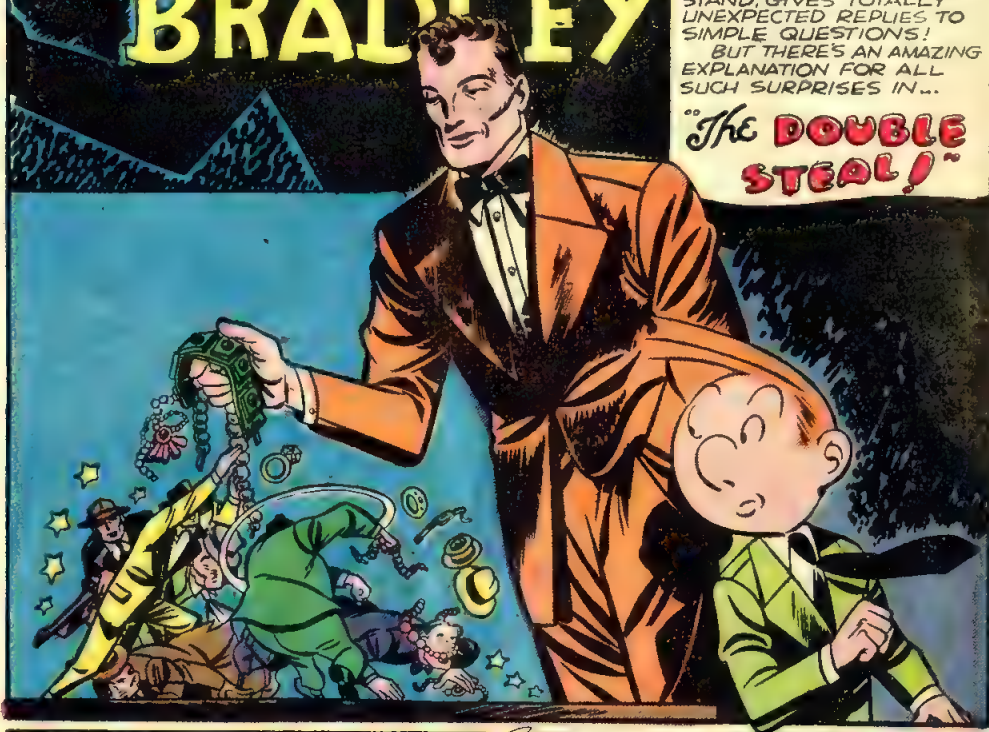
This offer effective until Jan. 1, 1945

SLAM BRADLEY

THINGS HAVE COME TO A PRETTY PASS WHEN CROOK-CRUSHING CRONIES LIKE **SLAM BRADLEY** AND **SHORTY MORGAN** ARE ELBOWED OFF THE CITY'S SIDEWALKS BY TIN-HORN THUGS! ... AND WHEN FAITHFUL FIXTURES LIKE "BENNY THE NEWS" SELLER OF PAPERS FOR THREE DECADES AT THE SAME OLD STAND, GIVES TOTALLY UNEXPECTED REPLIES TO SIMPLE QUESTIONS!

BUT THERE'S AN AMAZING EXPLANATION FOR ALL SUCH SURPRISES IN...

"THE DOUBLE STEAL!"



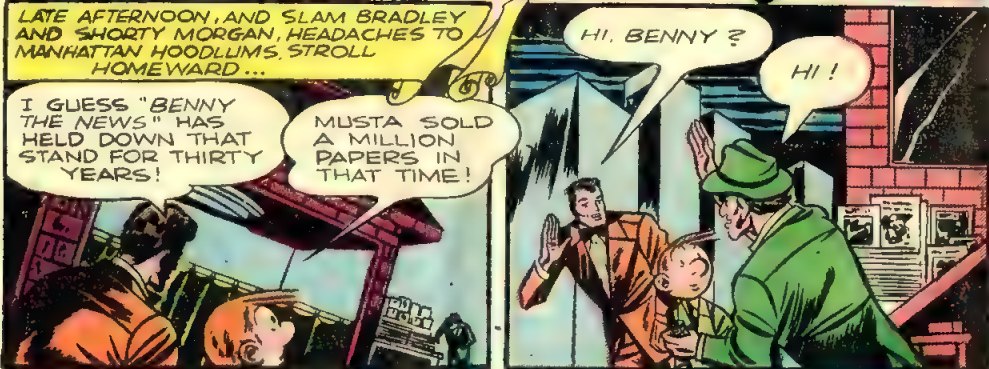
LATE AFTERNOON, AND SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, HEADACHES TO MANHATTAN HOODLIMS, STROLL HOMEWARD...

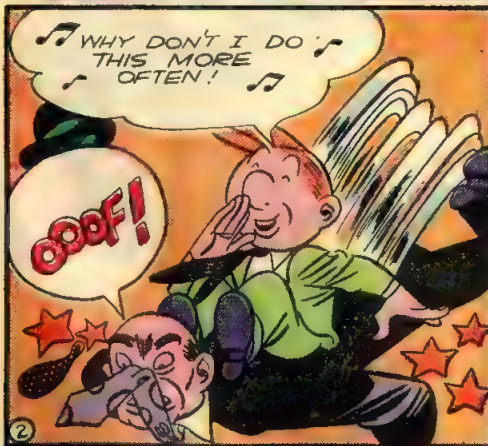
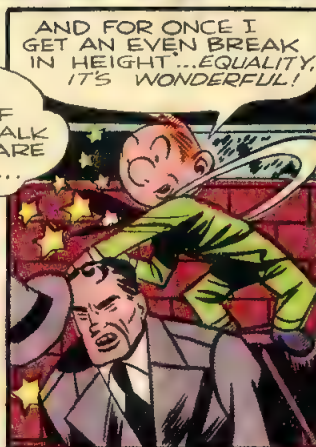
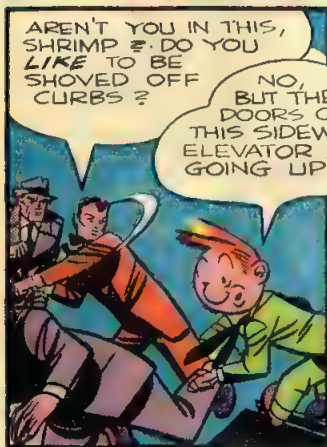
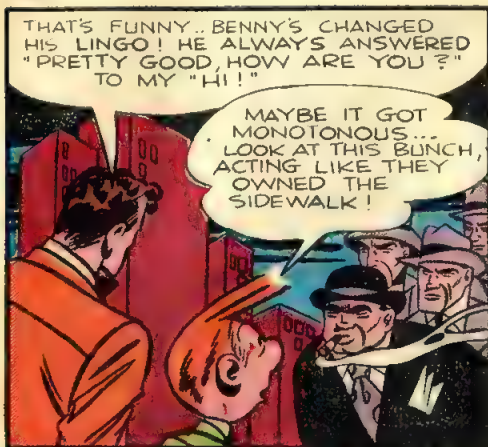
I GUESS "BENNY THE NEWS" HAS HELD DOWN THAT STAND FOR THIRTY YEARS!

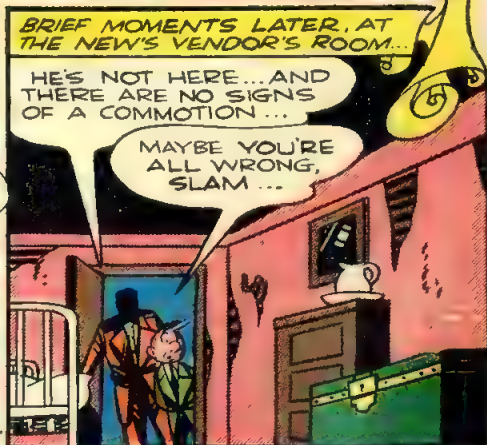
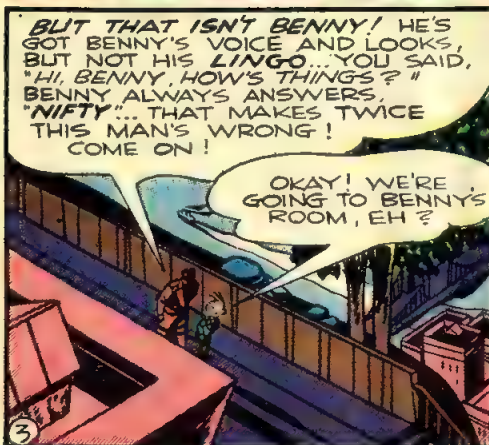
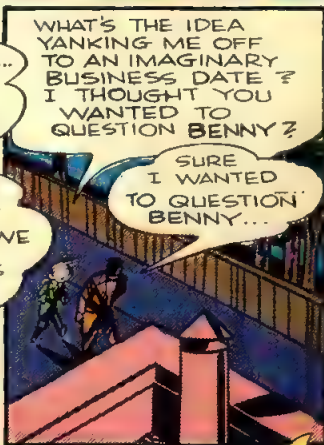
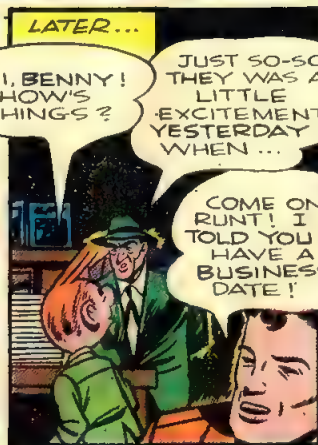
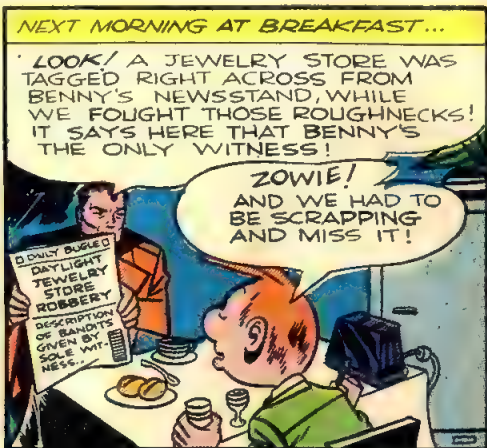
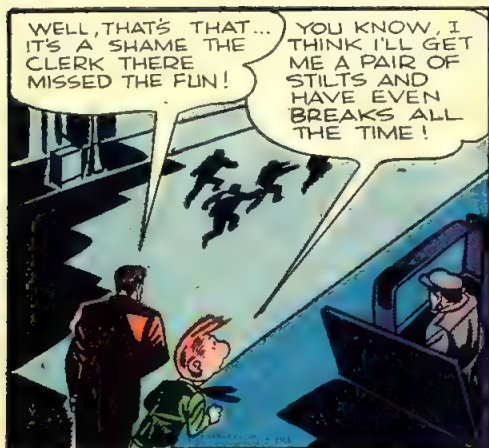
MUSTA SOLD A MILLION PAPERS IN THAT TIME!

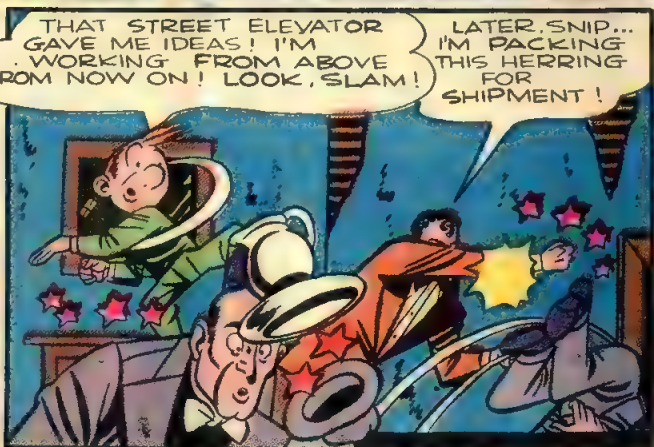
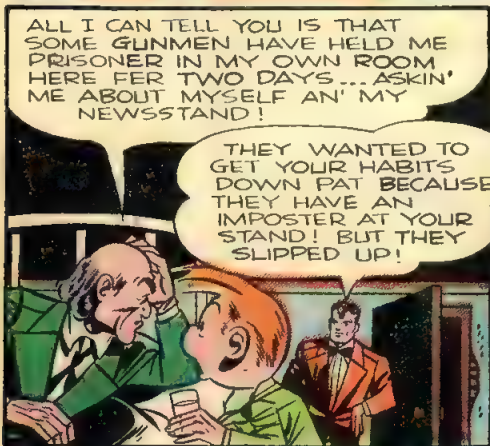
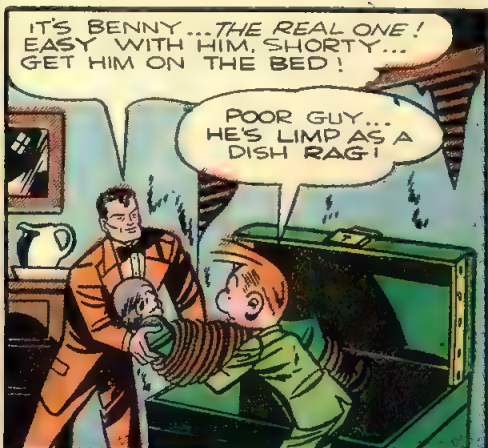
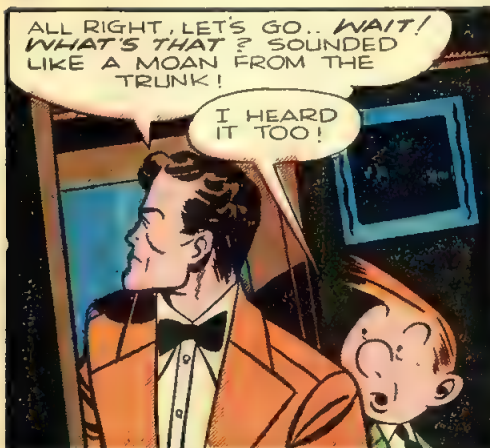
HI, BENNY?

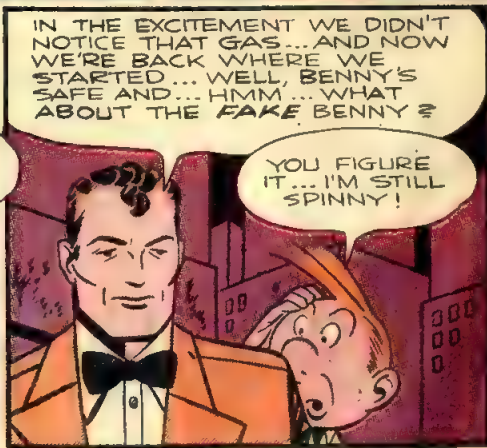
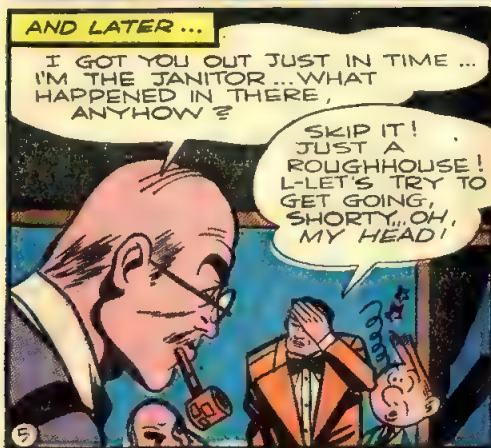
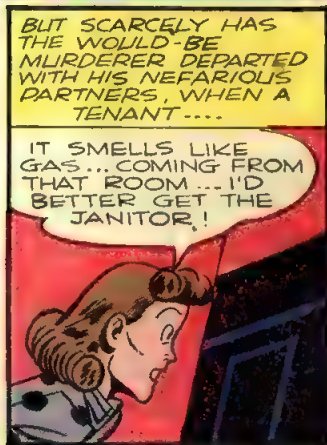
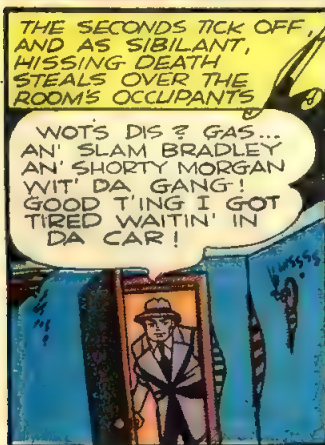
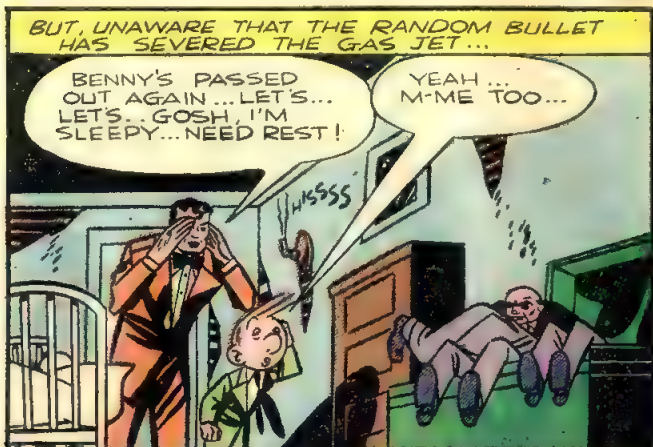
HI!

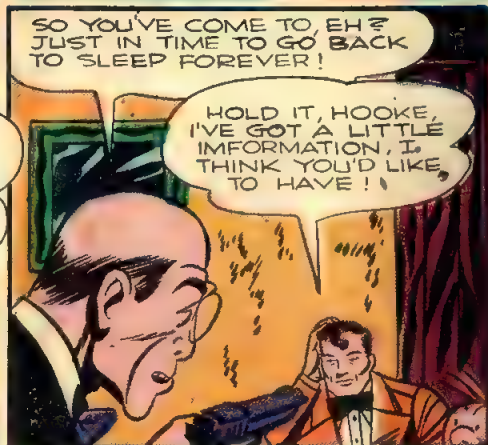
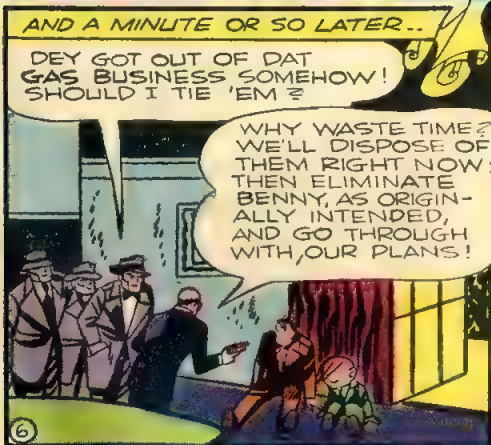
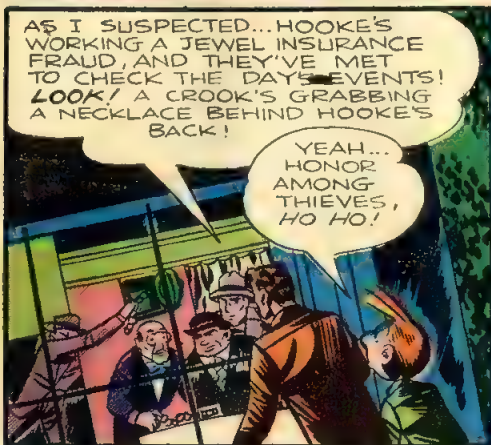
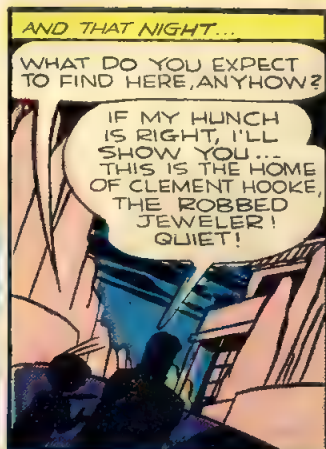
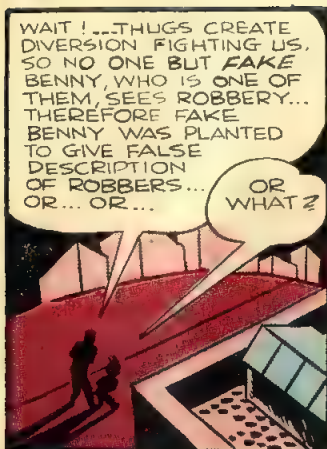


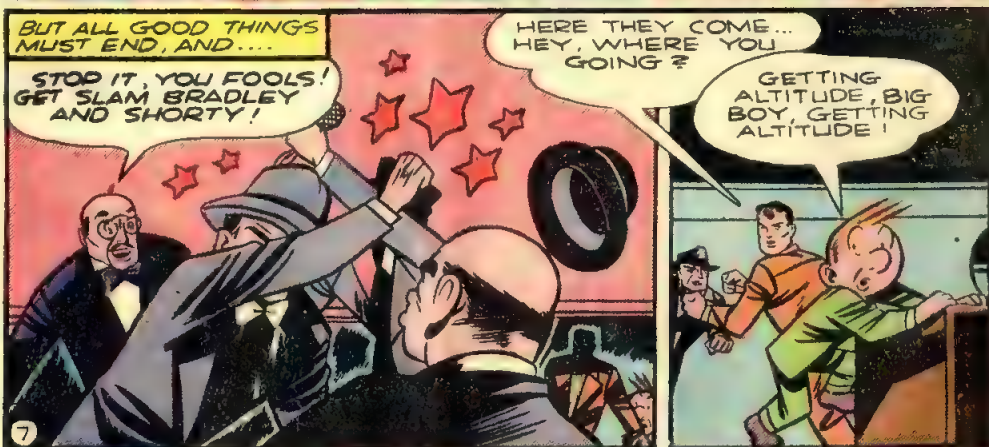
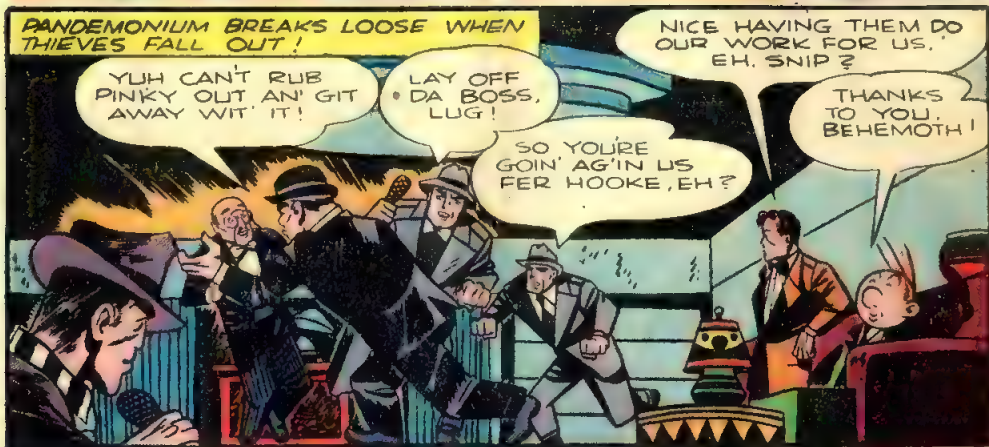
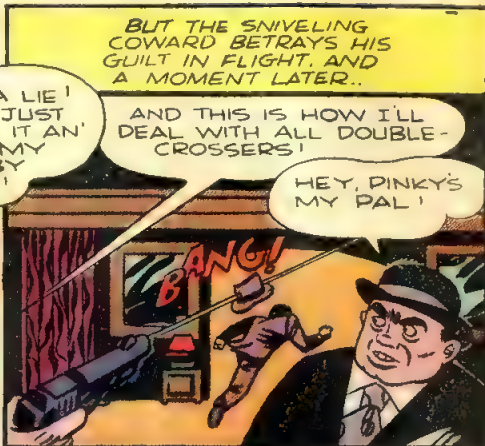


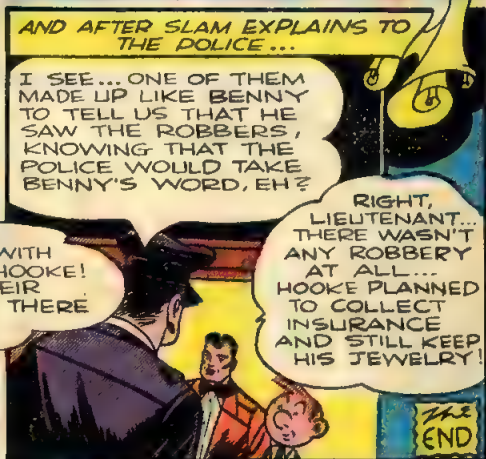















FREE

WITH 2 WHEATIES
BOX TOPS

**LIMITED OFFER
SEND NO MONEY**

Get two complete assembly kits for your flying model Fairey Fulmar and Heinkel-113. Just send your name and address with two Wheaties box tops to Jack Armstrong, Box 7570, Chicago, Illinois. Send no money—put your dimes in War Stamps. But remember this special offer is good only while limited supplies last, or until Sept. 1, 1944. So send today.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



JACK ARMSTRONGS TRU-FLITE FIGHTER MODELS

Actually Fly

GLIDE . . . SOAR . . . LOOP . . . ROLL

Two amazing new planes in the official Jack Armstrong series of rival fighters: The carrier-based Fairey Fulmar, speed king of the British Navy. And the Heinkel-113, deadly, nose-cannoned fighter of the Nazi Luftwaffe.

Full-color authentic camouflage decorates both models. The fast striking Fulmar carries the famous concentric circle symbol of British air might. The hawking Heinkel is marked with the proud German cross and the sinister Nazi swastika.

You build these planes yourself from special cover stock material. The plane designs are drawn to characteristic proportion, clearly and expertly marked for cutting and gluing. Even the hollow fuselages are easy to construct.

Your planes actually fly! Yes, they are designed to glide and soar for 75 feet or more when launched by hand. And when you rig them for G-line forays they will zoom, dive, climb, and

hedge-hop—under your control. Fly 'em fast and fly 'em hard. Your planes are built for real speed and maneuverability. They're built for ruggedness, too. You can send them on hundreds of missions—indoors and out—without serious damage to the ships.

Start a collection of flying fighters. These two planes are numbers 7 and 8 in a series of aircraft which are your extra dividend for eating Wheaties. Learn how you can get all the flying models. And learn how good breakfast can be when you start with a heaping bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Whole wheat flakes with a "second helping" flavor. That's Wheaties—and that's for you.

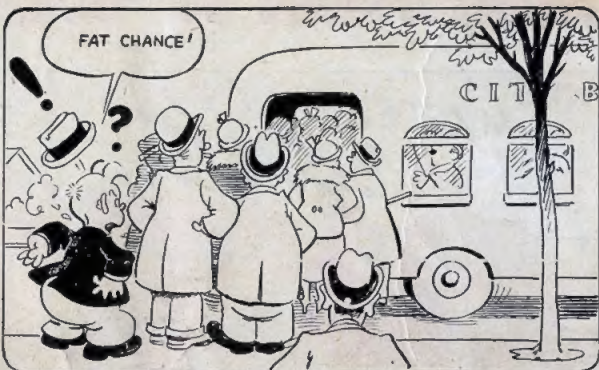


"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

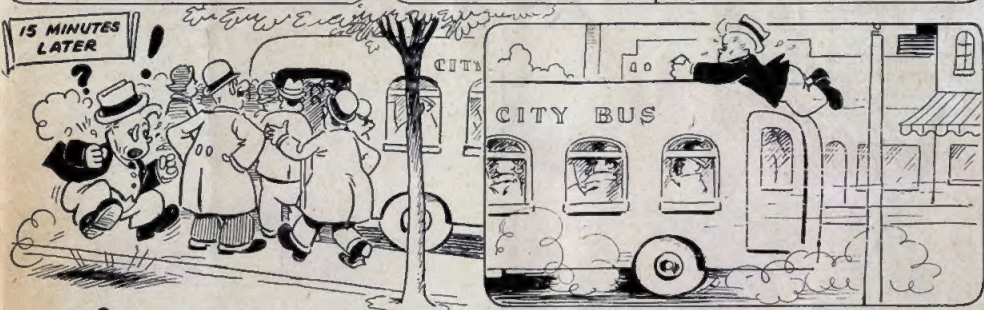
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

GUS GAGGS

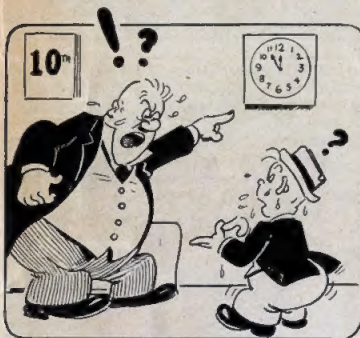
OH, BOY! LATE AGAIN! I'VE GOT T' GET THIS BUS!



15 MINUTES LATER



10TH



11TH

THIS IS MY LAST WARNING



GOSH! EVEN WHEN I'M EARLY - I'M LATE!!

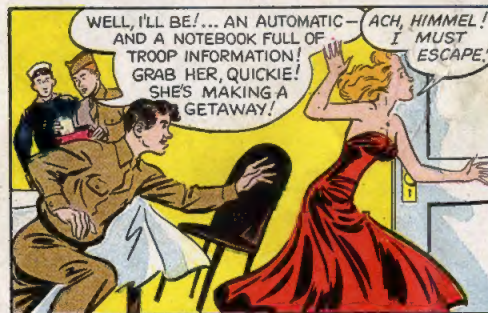
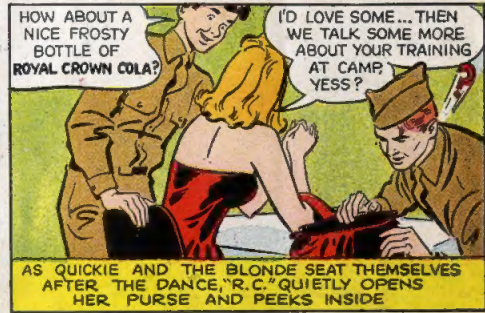
12TH

YOU'RE FIRED!



RAY Mc GILL

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE



DONALD O'CONNOR SAYS:

MY TASTE-TEST FAVORITE!

"Royal Crown Cola is out of this world!" declares screen star Donald O'Connor. In the famous cola taste-test, he tried leading colas in paper cups and chose one as best-tasting. It was Royal Crown Cola! He says, "There's nothing like Royal Crown Cola for a 'quick-up' and a fresh start!" Try it.

See Donald O'Connor in "THIS IS THE LIFE" A Universal Picture

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by Taste-Test! ©

2 FOR 5¢

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THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

We Will Never Forget ...



FLATTERMANN